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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM HILTON.
VOLUME I.



POETICAL WORKS

WILLIAM HILLTON

VOLUME I

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CONTAINING
POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

He follows Nature—if *She* leads him wrong,
Excuse the Poet, tho' ye blame the Song.

Whatever chance these humble strains forego,
They cheer *my* sadness in this vale below;
The drear alternative of cares assuage,
And help my roving thro' a wasting age:
If they but add to sacred Virtue's name,
Tho' less than merit, 'twill be more than fame!

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POETICAL WORKS

WILLIAM HILTON



NEWCASTLE, N.S.W.
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DEDICATION

TO MY WORTHY

SUBSCRIBERS.

I Could not hesitate, a single moment, in my resolution of dedicating these Poetical Works to You; seeing, that by a generous adoption, you had, in a manner, already made them your own. They may be figuratively considered (and I hope without any supposed vanity in the author) as a sort of collective salvage, narrowly saved from an unavoidable wreck in fortune, and have ever since been carefully preserved, thro' a long disagreeable series of unmerited persecution, to be now more safely secured under your distinguished patronage and protection. In my own bosom, I shall feel a most lasting satisfaction, could I hereafter be assured, that
my

vi DEDICATION.

my *uncultivated* genius did in anywise contribute to *your* rational amusement, in the calmer hours of solitude and leisure; and I shall ever, thro' life, seriously endeavour to embrace every opportunity of giving manifest demonstrations of my gratitude, and of approving myself, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

Your much obliged,

Faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM HILTON.

September 30, 1775.

P R E F A C E.

I Think it would be of no sort of moment to the generality of readers, to have it placed upon record, what manner of man the Author of the following Productions was, either with respect to his person, to his temper, or his condition in life. These circumstances, if any are curious to know, will be best collected from the information of his particular friends and associates. His abilities as a Writer, the compositions themselves must shew. ADEPTS in the ancient, or learned languages, will easily discover that he hath made no advances there; and those who are authors by trade, or profession, will also find he was not one of their number. The Genius which nature bestowed, he never had leisure to improve by art or experience. He indeed became early enamour'd with the Muses, but his attention was almost as early drawn off by more *material* objects; and yet the bewitching passion could not be totally subdued. In the beauties of Poesy, he fancied charms which shone not in any other mode of expression.—VIRTUE, and INSTRUCTION always appeared to him

him the most amiable and convincing, when bedecked by her. *There* he discovered a peculiar dignity and grace, which the most elegant, and correct prose, failed to bestow. He was a zealous admirer of the excellencies of others in this delightful art, without having the vanity to hope that he should himself ever arrive at any degree of perfection in it. The ethick, or moral part, had the chief of his affection and study, and the strains of a Milton, a Pope, a Young, confirmed his sentiments, that, without the love and practice of virtue, there can be no claim to eternal happiness, nor any real satisfaction to be found on this side the grave. Such immortal bards led him on to a habit of esteeming, and applauding, the actions of good men; and on the contrary, of condemning and satirizing those of fools and knaves. With regard to the future reputation of his works, there seemed to be no need of a serious solicitude on that score. If they bring no *benefit* to the minds of men, certain it is, they were never intended to *mislead* them.

Thus far I had prefaced some years ago, without ever thinking of being under any necessity
of

of fixing a time for publication; nor would my friends and well-wishers have been now solicited to support a subscription, but from motives of *real* exigency; the further explanation of which, would only give pain to a certain sentimental delicacy, that dwells inherent in some *congenial* bosoms, more tenderly susceptible than my own. I need not, it is presumed, appeal more intelligibly to that ancient, venerable, and *accepted* Order, whose institution, and *first received principles*, are founded upon universal benevolence.

With regard to my literary imperfections, I still know, more and more, that *these* are many and various; and lay open to the censure of all, as well those who but merely profess and call themselves *Critics*, as those who are truly become such, by right practice, and improved understanding. I have no claim to the favourable reception of the compilers of periodical *Reviews*, nor should I have glanced a single thought upon them at this season, but from a remembrance of the uncandid treatment, given by some of them, to SPENCER'S ACARIAN-SHEPHERDS, a poem, which, in the enlightened days of immortal

ADDISON, would probably have been deemed an honour to the kingdom. But, alas, our times produce no such discerning *Spectators*!

Several pieces, from my first volume, have occasionally appeared in Mr Slack's Newcastle Chronicle, under different signatures. I have marked the several years in which the poems were first composed. This was done, partly, for some information to my readers, and partly as a Critique to my own imperfect judgment. I hope, I need not apologize for adding to this collection, *Il Giorno*, and *La Notte*, written by the late ingenious MASTER CLOVER, of Gateshead. The friendship that was growing sincerely between us, will sufficiently plead for me, with all who knew him.

The Tragedy of the Siege of PALMYRA, in my second volume, was honoured by the perusal, and (in some places) the correcting pen, of the late Rev. and learned Doctor ROBERTSON Arch-Deacon of Northumberland, which was full encouragement to an author so young, and so situated, as I then was. My readers need not be again told, that I am altogether unacquainted with

with the learned languages ; which will account for the modern *terms* and *expressions* that may be found interspersed in this play. In writings of this kind, I presume, a greater regard should be paid to the stage, than to the closet ; and therefore I have endeavoured to make the dialogues as concise as possible, and given, throughout, a constant change of persons and scenes.

I confess myself in the number of those who prefer plays that abound with incidents, as they are certainly much more entertaining than one simple action ; and I think (with submission to higher judgments) not incongruous with nature.

The character of AURELIAN, I intended as haughty and imperious, agreeable to the history we have of him.

HERMIAS, a young prince about eighteen, so nobly descended, educated by LONGINUS, and having so brave an example in TERENTUS ; I would have appear as One rising in virtue, and discovering a generosity of soul, worthy the son of a great and renowned father. His age may atone for his impatience to be assured of ALBINA'S
love

love ; and the more so, as it may be reasonably supposed, that he had a long time entertained a serious affection for her : And altho' it may be deemed imprudent in him to speak *thus*, whilst All was at stake, yet, when it is considered, that the lover makes his address during the conciliating intervals of a truce, I flatter myself the circumstance will be allowed: especially by those feeling *hearts*, which have known the force of that bewitching passion.

LONGINUS, I would have appear a faithful minister, a true friend, a tender father, and a benevolent good man ! One, whom reason *calmly* sways, and love of virtue *nobly* inspires.

DION, son of LONGINUS, growing in the excellencies of his father,

TERENTUS, possessed of virtues which cemented his superlative friendship with LONGINUS ; an intrepid soldier, full of action, and emulous of martial glory.

SANDARION, a brave officer, of a humane disposition.

CRITON,

CRITON, an old worthy subaltern, introduced occasionally, to shew his affection for his general TERENTUS, upon seeing his sufferings, and heroically recollecting their former triumphs in the field.

ZENOBIAS: I have attempted to draw this character agreeable to the received history of her. A Lady of so extraordinary magnanimity and virtue, that she was the admiration of the world, until this crisis of her life; when being brought before AURELIAN, she was no longer *herself*! The former greatness of her spirit quite sinks within her! She owns a *Master*; pleads for her life, and *betrays* her friends.

ALENA, I would represent as amiable in her person, and much more so in the sweetness of her temper: About the same age with HERMIAS, and *inexpressibly* in love with him!

The Tragedy of ARTHUR had not the like perusal, or correction, with the former one. I collected my materials from such histories of him, as fell in my way; most of which are very dark, respecting this noble hero, but that he did exist, and so magnanimously excel, seems indubitably certain;

certain; and therefore I ventured upon the subject, notwithstanding all my inabilities, and want of better information: Not a little actuated by that innate love of national liberty, which with *Britons*, kindles at our birth, grows with our years, and with our strength refines!

The period I have pitched upon, is that, when ARTHUR having entrusted his queen and dominions to the care of MODRED, his nephew, whilst he assisted HOEL, the king of Armorica; MODRED treacherously took the opportunity to usurp the throne, debauch and marry the queen; and to complete the measure of his guilt, he joined with the Saxons, ARTHUR's inveterate enemies. If it should be asked, why I never offered my Plays to the stage? I must, in answer, frankly confess, that altho' I did make some faint efforts with the *SIEGE*, I never could obtain the *necessary* interest to attract the attention of the managers of either theatre.

The poems SOPHRONIA, RIVAL LOVERS, and HAPPINESS, have appeared in public before; they are the same in this edition, excepting some small amendments.

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THE PRELUDE.

MORE wou'd the MUSE her native flame exert,
And emulate the POET's tuneful art;
From mortal scenes with pleasing transport rise,
Wafting the soul to bright congenial skies;
But ah, for *her* no lights superior glow,
Nor CAM, nor ISIS, teach her strains to flow!
The noblest thoughts her daring flights supply,
In forming droop, or in expression die:
Whilst cares, perpetual cares, must life employ,
The search for GAIN become a serious joy;
Or WANT, with all her apprehensive train,
May cloud my days with infamy and pain;
So all-neglected, in the mind alone
She *humbly* roves—and meditates unknown.

A LOVE ELEGY.

To AMINDA.

YOU, whom the LOVES have made so sweetly
fair!

Blest with those charms which numbers only share!

A youth, unskill'd in flattery's venal art,

Salutes you in the language of his heart;

His heart, that only wou'd bright truth pursue,

And ne'er yet glow'd for any nymph but you.

In vain to woods, and streams, I tell my care,

Sad melancholy ECHO answers there.

To bosom-friends if I the pain reveal,

They kindly censure, but none can heal:

You, only you, must give me true relief,

Your smiles alone can mitigate my grief.

Dear, lovely nymph, my long lost peace restore,

O bless!—or teach me to admire no more:

At once, your pity to my pain refuse,

Or smiling crown my unaffected vows.

Alas, what tumults all my soul surprise,

What conscious doubts, and weak ideas rise!

Hope faints, abash'd, and drops the feeble reed,

Whilst black despair still deepens as I plead;

The muse reluctant meditates her way,

Nor dares attempt the soft inspiring lay:

Fearful

A LOVE ELEGY.

3

Fearful how vain my suit, I'd urge no more,
Sigh far remote, and silently adore;
But anguish conquers where the bosom feigns,
Nor can you censure when such love complains;
Then let that love, if numbers fail, proceed
To court the sentence which alone I dread.

When first I saw those sparkling eye-balls move,
I wondering gaz'd, and *all* my heart was love.
Since then, what ruthful changes have I known?
My joy, my peace, my health; my freedom gone,
I who was once so easy, free and gay,
Now loath the night, and weep at rising day.
No more the sprightly ball or concerts please,
Eve's loansome walks delight far more than these;
Life has to me, alas, no pleasures now,
The world's a desert if unblest with you.
Soft slumbers once my downy pillow crown'd,
But now, nor ease nor slumbers there are found;
For balmy sleep, I heave my sighs in vain,
Each lagging moment brings increase of pain;
I long impatient-tardy day would come,
Then wishing night, in wild disorder roam:
Pensive alone, or with my friends, the same,
Still must my tongue repeat my charmer's name;
Whate'er I want, AMINDA must bestow,
Whate'er I'm ask'd, her praises all must know!

Thus

4 A LOVE ELEGY.

Thus ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought you move,
Then judge, sweet fair one, how sincere my love !
Can such a passion ever feel decay ?
Do flames which burn like mine e'er fade away ?
Amidst the wayward ravings of my mind,
I sometimes paint you cruel and unkind ;
But surely, one, in whom such charms we see,
To love can never unrelenting be.

Life of my life ! and soul of all my joy !
My contemplation, and the heart's employ !
Still the bright image wou'd this heart pursue,
Still seek for happiness alone from you !

As late beneath a branched oak reclin'd,
To court that ease such lovers seldom find ;
The noon-of-day, in all his pride confest,
Sleep (long a stranger) sooth'd the pensive breast ;
Then fancy, rising on her airy wing,
Display'd the glories of the youthful SPRING ;
O'er hills, and dales, her devious flight pursu'd,
Where scenes, long-past, her busy aid renew'd.
Along the margin of some Brook she'd rove,
Or paint the mead, or harmonize the grove.
At length, methought, within a leafy bower,
Some SWAINS were met to pass a social hour ;

I court,

A LOVE ELEGY.

5

I courteous entered—when each one began
To praise his FLORA's shape, or SYLVIA's mein;
Bright CYNTHIA's eyes, and DAPHNE's bloom-
ing grace,

ELMISSA's form, and JULIA's charming face;
The lovely BELLE, with matchless beauty crown'd,
The virtuous JENE, for all that's good renown'd.
Then joining in a chearful, pleasing strain,
They sung, " We love, and are belov'd again."

Whilst sadly pensive, I was mute alone,
Their happy joys but rais'd my deeper moan.
'Tis true I love—(the language of despair),
I love—yes love the most deserving fair!
These swains wou'd sure applaud a *choice* like mine,
Glow when they saw, and own the nymph divine.
But ever hapless, ever doom'd to mourn,
My faithful vows receive no kind return;
Some happier youth the virgin's smile hath gain'd,
Some happier youth, for charms like hers ordain'd.

Scarce had I spoke—O scene of sweet surprise!
When pity blest'd me from those heavenly eyes!
Gently you touch'd my hand; and kindly said:
" Be not, fond youth, by wrong suspicions led;
" A truth like thine, the powers of love regard,
" A truth like thine, they *must* and *will* reward;
" Then

" Then *freely* all thy bosom-care proclaim,
 " My grateful heart shall glow with *equal* flame."
 I heard, or thought I heard ; nor longer lay,
 Eager your welcome summons to obey ;
 When lo I woke, and found *it yet was day!*

O may this *dream* an happy omen prove,
 Timely propitious to FIDELIO's love !
 May you, ere long, the soft compassion own,
 And, yielding, grant that HYMEN make us, one !
 Good Gods ! what joy !—each wish's highest view !
 Possessing all things when possess'd of you !
 Sooner shou'd OCEAN's waves forbear to flow,
 The SUN forget in noontide rays to glow ;
 Sooner shou'd Nature all her wonders cease,
 Than this fond heart e'er aim to love you less !
 Whatever change our future fortunes see,
 I'd rest content, and still more faithful be ;
 To life's last day, the blissful warmth retain,
 And dying, hope to live with you again.

STREPHON AND ELMISSA:

A PASTORAL.

On the death of Master Pattison of Unthbank, Northumberland.

TWICE hoary NIGHT her fable wings had spread,
 And twice AURORA all her charms display'd ;
 While shunning flocks, and herds, and rural play,
 Within a darksome grott sad STREPHON lay :
 His presence added to the deep repose,
 And silent sighs alone express'd his woes.

ELMISSA longer cou'd not absence bear,
 For he was all her wish, and all her care ;
 An early passion in their bosoms grew,
 They lov'd the more, the more each other knew !
 Their honest souls ne'er lodg'd dissembling art,
 They spoke no language but the faithful heart !
 So, all in doleful mood, she seeks her swain
 On ev'ry hill, and ev'ry haunted plain,
 But long she sought those lov'd retreats in vain.

At length, as by an ancient wood she stray'd,
 Thro' whose recess no friendly foot-paths led ;
 And

And whilst she turn'd her wishful looks aside,
 O'ergrown with shrubs, the lonely grott she spy'd.
 Thither, with nimble steps, she halt'ning speeds,
 Nor pointed thorns, nor prickly brambles heeds.
 But when she met the darkness of the place,
 The roses parted from her lovely face :
 All off her lips the glowing rubies fled,
 A chilly paleness o'er each feature spread.
 But yet, she could not leave it unexplor'd,
 Kind love, and hope, their mutual aid afford.
 With feeble voice, she hail'd the shepherd's name,
 Echo, in softer tone, reply'd the same ;
 Again she call'd—" O Strephon ! Strephon dear !
 " O faithful shepherd ! speak if thou art here."
 'Twas then the mourner heard, and sighing said,
 " Alas, who calls me 'midst this joyless shade ?"

There needs no more—the loves and graces
 came,
 And innocence increas'd the growing flame :
 The well-known voice, so welcome to her ears,
 Reviv'd her courage, and dispell'd her fears :
 The dark tremendous gloom delightful grew,
 And in an instant to her love she flew.
 Then round his drooping neck her arms she flung,
 Her eager kisses stop'd his faltering tongue ;
 While frequent sighs upheav'd his labouring breast,
 His anguish there, repeated tears confess.

Some

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

9

Some moments thus o'erwhelm'd, they neither
spoke.

Till more compos'd, ELMISSA silence broke,

ELMISSA.

Forbear those sighs, nor kill me with thy grief,
What, does ELMISSA fail to bring relief?
How often hast thou said, beneath yon tree,
For all thy ills thou found'st a balm in me!
Am I aught chang'd since first thou spok'st thy flame?
Indeed, my STREPHON, I am still the same!
Methinks, I can no worthier love pursue,
I only wish to find thee always true.
Haste then, the cause of all thy pain declare,
Nor longer shun the day in sad despair:
Whilst thus thou court'st the melancholy gloom,
Thy tender flocks, and herds, neglected roam:
Ev'n trusty TRAY forsakes his destin'd charge,
Forgets thy pipe, and roves in brakes at large.
From what mischance proceeds this cold regard?
I've seen the time when all my words were heard!
Long yesterday, a tedious moon I thought,
But never dreamt such loveless change was wrought.
Our neighbour COLIN gave to me thy crook,
Which he found floating down a winding brook,
As if he deem'd me mistress of thy heart;
Alas, he knows not I have scarce a part!

C

STREPHON.

Dear faithful girl, away with jealousy,
 He breathes not now who shar'd my heart with thee,
 Sooner shall straggling lambs forget to bleat,
 Or hungry kine the bladed grafs to eat;
 Sooner shall turtle doves inconstant prove,
 Than I be faithless to ELMISSA's love.
 I've DAMON lost—and for that loss repine,
 Who wou'd not grieve to lose a friend like mine?

ELMISSA.

Ah me! if that blythe shepherd be no more,
 I cease to wonder why thou dost deplore;
 For ye were friends—if friends on earth there be,
 And is he dead? oh, cruel destiny!
 Alas, what pangs must poor AMICA feel,
 Mov'd by a passion she could ne'er reveal?
 She, for young DAMON, found the pleasing smart,
 And lov'd with all the tenderness of heart:
 Pensive for ever now that heart may prove,
 Sweet innocence! how luckless in thy love!
 Say, what fell sickness snatch'd him to the tomb,
 Grown to such strength, and such a manly bloom?

STREPHON.

Some fleeting months we saw the shepherd pine,
 The fated victim of a deep decline;

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

11

In vain beholding friends their aid impart,
 In vain, alas, was each physician's art;
 In vain they strove by medicine to save,
 Death, unrelenting, *tore* him to the grave.
 Soon as the mournful news had reach'd mine ear,
 I fled the plain, and sought for comfort here.
 Then leave me—leave me to myself alone,
 Such solitude best suits my pensive moan.

ELMYSSA.

Not so, my swain, come give me *all* thy care,
 If not it *all*, at least allow me share:
 Ev'n in this frightful place I will thee tend,
 I'll grieve for DAMON—DAMON was thy friend!
 With equal sighs my plaintive breast shall rise,
 An equal sorrow swell these streaming eyes.
 But rather let us to the sheep-folds go,
 The rural landscape may divert thy woe;
 Thy grief will soften as the flow'rets spring,
 Thy heart will gladden while the warblers sing:
 And there, thou may'st recall thy flocks and TRAY,
 Or on thy reed some soothing music play.

STREPHON.

Nor flocks, nor herds, have now the power to
 please,
 This sullen gloom delights far more than these.

No joy to me the varied landscape yields
 From painted vallies, or from teeming fields :
 In vain the natives of the woodlands sing,
 Unheeded now the enamel'd flow'rets spring :
 Those gay some scenes no more my thoughts divide,
 Their charms all vanish'd when young DAMON died.
 O much-lov'd youth ! in whom good-nature shone,
 Art thou *for-ever* from thy STREPHON gone ?
 Shall our mix'd flocks no more together stray ?
 Shall we no more to FLORA tune the lay ?
 How often have we, in the bower reclin'd,
 Display'd the secrets of each other's mind ?
 But now no longer friends—uncertain fate !
 What various turns on feeble mortals wait !
 To-day, perhaps, the sun of fortune shines,
 To-morrow, in a stormy cloud declines.
 How happy I, whilst DAMON blest our shore !
 How wretched now when DAMON is no more !

E L M I S S A.

O cease to murmur at the Will-divine,
 Nor think that no one's loss can equal thine.
 Thou lately heard'st what our learn'd PARSON said,
 " We never can be *happy* till we're dead !"
 Thy friend was early wise—none will deny,
 But early wise, as well as fools must die.

Tho'

Tho' DAMON's body in the grave remains,
Yet, crown'd with light, his soul immortal reigns;
She lives!—she lives above yon ambient skies,
Supremely happy in celestial joys.

STREPHON.

But then, alas, he met the clayey shrine,
Just as his manly worth began to shine:
Early he panted for the muse's bays,
And promis'd to the meads some tuneful lays:
For ever now their dawning hopes are fled,
Mourn! mourn ye meads, your darling DAMON's
dead:

No more his reed enchants the listening throng,
No more the woods its pleasing notes prolong.

ELMISSA.

Grieve not, my STREPHON, for it must be so,
The young and old to death promiscuous go.
Lo, don't we find, in almost ev'ry day,
Ripe age survive, whilst youth is borne away?
How often do we doom our lambs to bleed,
Yet let the ewelings unmolested feed?
I call to mind—when ROSATILLA dy'd,
Her tender father not so much as cry'd;
And sure she was the fav'rite of the green,
A more accomplish'd maid I've never seen!

I told

I told him, as we left the mournful bier,
 'Twas strange he had not shed one parting tear!
 When thus the good man said, with graceful air,
 "ELMISSA, 'tis a Christian part to bear!
 Loss, such as mine, should not deject the soul,
 "The God who made us pre-ordains the whole."

STREPHON.

O thou! whose charming tongue alone cou'd
 please,
 Or to my aching breast restore its ease!
 With thee contented midst each rural sweet,
 Ne'er let me know the fopperies of the great.
 Oh had not DAMON left his fertile down,
 To try the noxious pleasures of a town,
 Long might his strains have charm'd the festive
 bower,
 And health preserv'd him from his mortal hour:
 But since 'tis so—in vain these tears descend,
 Adieu!—adieu my much beloved friend!
 What tho' thy KIN their formal rites bestow,
 Some will *forget* thee, midst the garbs of wo!
 But this full heart, which join'd thy soul on earth,
 By ties more sacred than the ties of birth,
 The deep impression ever shall retain,
 Until we meet in happier fields again.—

Come

THE REMEMBRANCE.

15

Come now ELMISSA, come thou spotless fair,
Thy innocence shall smile away despair :
Not long, ere HYMEN's bonds shall make us one,
And thou succeed the faithful friend that's gone,

Then hand in hand, they left the lonesome shade,
Peace calm'd the swain, and transport blest'd the
maid.

1745:

THE REMEMBRANCE.

*Written to my friend JOHN PERCIVELL during
sickness.*

THO' rack'd beneath a load of pains,
This feeble body still remains ;
Tho' limbs and organs disagree,
And all within seems anarchy :
Tho' plagu'd by doctor's purging potions,
His Apocruftic pills, and lotions ;
Yet the warm thoughts capacious roam,
Nor will they be confin'd at home ;
Amidst this fierce internal rage,
The Soul *exults* within her cage,
At smallest glimpse of thought on thee,
Expatriates, and dares be free ;

For

For whatsoever fate is mine,
Still, honest JOHNY, I am thine.
Then frank bestow a listening ear,
And what the muse shall bring revere,
The strains her artless flights bestow,
Shall unpremeditated flow.

O busy thoughts! where will ye rove?
To what forgotten scenes remove?
Will no reflection peace restore,
But pictur'd actions long since o'er?
Can such, and such alone assuage,
As cou'd amuse an infant age?
Ay now—my bosom feels serene
When lov'd ideas intervene.

How happy went my early days,
Those pass'd at school and youthful plays!
Then none but easy cares were found,
Then health and freedom danc'd their round.
Sometimes the MASTER'S rules might tease,
And knotty tasks the heart displease,
Yet soon the rueful scene was o'er,
Soon, all as jocund as before.
Sometimes too, the battle rag'd,
And little combatants engag'd;

But

But mark the *doughty* conflict end,
 Each sobbing foe the faster friend!
 Tho' drawn from school to weightier cares,
 Bound for a tedious length of years;
 Yet whilst I cou'd *sound* health retain,
 The bondage never seem'd a pain!
 When love, with slow advances came,
 And beauty fan'd the pleasing flame,
 What blissful thoughts! what blissful care!
 Whilst hope pursu'd the doubtful fair.

O how delighted I have been,
 When thou, with me, hast trod the green;
 When prompted by AURORA's smile,
 To breathe fresh air we walk'd awhile!
 What pleasure 'twas to view the skies,
 And see the spark'ling lustres rise!
 How charm'd our ears, whilst from each spray,
 The tuneful birds hail'd in the day?
 When PHOEBUS to the *West* withdrew,
 Our mutual pleasures we'd renew.
 How oft, beneath some hill reclin'd,
 Have we unlock'd each others mind?
 Display'd the secrets latent there,
 And freely utter'd all our care?
 If joy, 'twas heighten'd; and if grief,
 The balm of friendship gave relief.

D

What

What lively transports have I known,
 When o'er the eastern hills we've gone
 To seek the rural, calm retreat,
 Which nature strives to render sweet :
 The place where dwelt our social friend,
 Whose worth the muse dare thus commend !
 His piety uprightly pure,
 From vile-hypocrisy secure ;
 His perfect faith, the same he preaches,
 His life confirming what he teaches !
 When we, with him, have spent a day,
 How softly stole each hour away ?
 What kind emotions warm'd my breast,
 Too delicate to be express'd !

Here stop my muse—recal no more,
 Nor farther in time past explore ;
 For little it avails me now,
 To think what various joys did flow
 From friendship's smiles, or music's charms,
 From books, or beauty's soft alarms ;
 Or when, from crowds and noise retir'd,
 In fields I after TRUTH enquir'd.
 For me, far different prospects rise,
 Dire sickness faddens boasted joys :
 My chearless days yield no delights,
 Restless and painful, are my nights.

Ah

Ah lamp of life ! how faint thy ray !
 Since last my health relap'd away.
 I feel no grateful warmth from thee,
 Alas, 'tis even pain to *bè* !

What sadness over all appears ?
 Each scene a gloomy preference wears ;
 No charm the rural landskip yields
 From verdant lawns ; or fruitful fields :
 I hear not now the woodlark's strain,
 Nor heed the beauties of the plain :
 The distant rills that murmuring flow,
 Seem but to sympathize in woe.
 How vain the flights of music prove ?
 Music—which once could mountains move !
 This feeble body, wanting ease,
 E'en ORPHEUS' self would fail to please ;
 His sweetest melody would seem
 Doleful, or languid as a dream.

Weak, mortal men ! how hard our fate ?
 Around what painful changes wait ?
 Which ev'ry heart-felt bliss destroy,
 And every smiling hope annoy.

But hush—dare dust and ashes frown ?
 When Jove decrees, his will be done !

What

What tho' his arrows instant fly,
 Tho' thousands heap'd on thousands dye,
 Shall man presume to question why?
 Eternal justice all ordains,
 Eternal justice still remains!
 Then rest—as certain of his care,
 And *seeming* ills resign'dly bear.

O GREAT SUPREME! inspire my soul
 Each fordid passion to controul;
 In mortal life preserve her free,
 Direct her main pursuit in thee:
 Make me content in ev'ry state,
 Nor e'er dejected or elate!
 With humble gratitude receive
 Those blessings thou vouchsaf'ft to give:
 And in the faint, afflicted hour,
 O grant me patience to endure.

On thee, my friend, may peaceful virtue shine,
 And may thy health ne'er be impair'd like mine.

The RECOVERY.

Inscribed to my dear bosom friend, Mr

JOHN SPENCER.

CHARM'D with the thoughts of your sublimer
strains,

A muse salutes you from these sylvan plains;
A muse, untaught in academic art,
Unskill'd in numbers which may touch the heart;
Unknown to *her* where dwell the tuneful nine,
The fam'd PARNASSUS, or the stream-divine!
Of these, she wondering hears, content at home,
Nor once attempts o'er pathless seas to roam:
Conscious of *weakness*, she just skims along
The safer shore, and lowly tunes her song.

Far from the crouded towns, where joys prophane,
With sad, unpleasing melancholy reign,
And lost to all the busy and the gay,
At this lone place in search of HEALTH I stay.
How late I languish'd midst afflicting pain,
Whilst all chirurgic efforts prov'd in vain!
But now, at HELMEDON, rejoic'd I find
My strength returning, with sweet peace of mind.

When

When the bright SUN ascends his eastern way,
 And o'er the plains diffuses grateful DAY ;
 Rous'd by the household matron's watchful care,
 I leave my couch, and to my BATH repair :
 Arriv'd, on idle fear no thoughts are lost,
 But quick undress'd, aside my cloaths are tost ;
 With shivering limbs I soon the stream divide,
 The *balmy* stream, by min'real springs supply'd.
 From *this*, what GALEN's art cou'd not regain,
 I hop'd to find—nor are my hopes in vain.

See me now plunging midst the rising flood,
 The nerves all tingling with the pressing blood :
 The vital system, changes undergo,
 Brace amidst fluid, and in coldness glow !
 Not long my stay—re-cloath'd I nimbly speed,
 Reach my lone home, and wrap myself in bed.
 Soon o'er my frame a warmth enliv'ning glows,
 Through ev'ry pore a perspiration flows :
 The mortal senses from their action cease,
 And MORPHEOUS comes to shed refreshing peace.

How busy wild imagination seems,
 When rambling in the trackless maze of dreams ;
 What various turns her changeful flights supply,
 What boundless prospects meet the wandering eye,
 The

The muse might sing—but now let this suffice,
Once more awak'd, I haste to rural joys.

Oft prompted by the FORENOON's chearful smile,
For recreation's sake I walk a while ;
And as I walk, reflect on NATURE's deeds,
Whose lowliest act all human art exceeds ;
Like one just landed on the Elysian shore,
I feel new raptures quite unknown before.
Sweet CONTEMPLATION ev'ry thought refines,
And ev'ry group is drawn in clearer lines.
Lo wheresoe'er I turn the mental eye,
She meets that GOD who form'd the WORLDS on
high !
Traces *his* wisdom in the ripening mead,
Surveys *him* in each vegetative seed !
I find him in my own mysterious frame,
He shines all-glorious in the vital flame !
Pleas'd with such truths, how calm the bosom moves,
How blest in themes she so devoutly loves !

In this fair season of the blooming year,
Round these sweet walks what charming views
appear.

Tho' hardly notic'd in the rolls of fame,
A limner's fancy HELMEDON might claim.

Here

Here golden fruits, that load the fertile soil
 With full increase, reward the FARMER'S toil:
 Here cluster'd hedges glow with various hues,
 The flowret-banks ambrosial sweets diffuse:
 Their lively green the waving shrubs display,
 The taller woods are shown supremely gay.
 Hark, how the linnets warble o'er the plain,
 Whilst tuneful larks their airy flights sustain.
 In ev'ry grove the thrushes chant the lay,
 And shrilling blackbirds hail each smiling day.
 How pleasing this, to what a town bestows
 Amidst its tumults, and its pageant shows!

What tho' no THAMES the peaceful borders
 lave,

The WEAR, close by, rolls down its gentle wave;
 Whose flowry margin oft invites my stay,
 Whilst meditation sheds her heavenly ray;
 With so much nature, so much peace in view,
 I court the muses, or I think of you.
 Or if perchance the thoughts collect in plan,
 I sit me down, and moralize on MAN.

Whilst undisturb'd the river keeps its way,
 What shoals of MINIMS on the surface play!
 Pois'd on their glossy fins, no fears prevail,
 They bask in sunshine, and partake the gale.

But

THE RECOVERY.

25

But if, anon, some shelving cliffs divide,
And hasty falling, with a *rush* subside
Dejected then they fly the noisy shore,
Slip from the day, and dark retreats explore:
The clouded stream pours forth a harsher tone,
Overflows its bounds, and hardly creeps along:

So when in life, no evils intervene;
Nor baleful sickness glooms the chearful scene,
The happy *thinking-man* no tempest knows,
His time, tho' fleeting, yet serenely flows!
HOPES ever dawning, all his breast employ,
And each calm moment brings increase of joy.
But if misfortunes frown, or health decay,
Those hours which wont to fly, then seem to stay:
No more he blithsome walks the sunny glade,
But pensive wanders in the drowsy shade.
In vain to transports past he calls for ease,
Life droops, and all its soft enchantments cease:

Such serious mood the harmless prospects yield,
Nor cares the muse to tempt a wider field:
Serene the moments pass untold away,
Till less'ning shadows point the noon of day,
Nor needs attention to the distant chime,
Each blithsome ploughman tells 'tis dinner time.

E

Behold

Behold me social at the farmer's treat,
 Nor ask what viands?—we have *wholesome* meat;
 And since CONTENT adorns the humble board,
 I fare as sumptuous as the pamper'd lord.

PART *the* SECOND.

OF all the precious goods by man possess'd,
 Tell me, my SPENCER, is not *health* the best?
 Can Indian mines with this one gem compare?
 Is life without it worth a serious care?
 Alas, how faintly gleams the transient flame,
 When even friendship yields her balm in vain?
 Whether the *soul* inglorious acts on earth,
 Or greatly soars, as conscious of her worth;
 Whether the *mortal's* ruling passion tends
 To *mean* ambition, or to virtuous ends;
 Whate'er the point which most our zeal employs,
Health will remain the spring of all our joys:
 The *sal* that seasons ev'ry sense we prize,
 For when *she* sickens purest relish dies.

This purpos'd wandering of the muse receive,
 And let good-nature all her faults forgive.

Not far from where the crystal waters pour,
 From whose salubrious spring I seek my cure;

There

There is a silent, solitary shade,
Untouch'd with art, by branching hawthorns made,
To which, when dinner's o'er, I oft repair,
As well to study, as to breathe the air :
A rising mossy-bank supplies a seat,
A daisy'd carpet bends beneath my feet.

Yet, yet desirous *nature* to explore,
Here in sage NEWTON's elements I pore :
His rules each rare phenomenon explain,
And more convince me nothing's made in vain !
Now blazing comets with less dread appear,
No longer ominous, but regular !
Even frightful light'nings prove the *vast* design,
The gracious wisdom of a hand divine !

Led by my guide, I reach the milky way,
And round that galaxy of stars survey ;
Man's various systems of the world I trace,
Own the *Copernic*, and its truths embrace.
I learn those laws by which the planets stray,
I mark their circles round the orb-of-day :
Gay light, and all its properties disclose,
Explain from what primæval source it flows :
The beamy colours, and the splendent bow,
To radiant PHOEBUS all their beauties owe.

Soul of the world!—such wonders wrought by thee,
 How great must thine ALMIGHTY AUTHOR be!
 How *great*, how *good*, who can such powers dispense!
 How lost the mind in vast omnipotence!

O cou'd I MILTON's towering flights explore,
 Like deathless POPE, or like *thy* genius soar,
 I wou'd to NATURE's GOD attune my lays;
 And fill the world with his eternal praise.

Thus some few hours to serious reading paid,
 I close my books and leave the silent shade;
 Then o'er the spacious lawn alternate rove,
 Or climb the hill, or wander thro' the grove;
 Or 'mongst the harmless flocks reflecting stay,
 Pleas'd whilst the lambkins innocently play.

Still, Nature's works engage the raptur'd soul,
 She finds Eternal goodness thro' the whole;
 Each minute insect, *now* she deems a prize,
 For O what wisdom in such compass lies!
 The grov'ling reptiles, which I scorn'd before,
 Learn me at once to *wonder* and *adore*.
 No longer let me leisure time employ
 In wrong pursuit of vain terrestrial joy;
 But all the mind to better views devote,
 In museful raptures and celestial thought.

Oft near to some *araneous* bramble's side,
 I place me down, to view the natives glide;
 Diverted by their artful crafty wiles,
 When heedless flies approach their clammy toils;
 Or on the top of some *ant-hill* reclin'd,
 Observe the motions of the industrious kind,
 What mighty numbers instantaneous rise,
 In all the jumble of a dread surprise!
 Part fir'd with rage—part terrify'd with fear,
 Like some arm'd city when the foe draws near;
 Yet anxious for their tender progeny,
 More guard their eggs than aim their stings at me,
 What *lively* emblems of parental care!
 What *noble* instinct these small creatures share!
 See, all *creation* certain laws pursue,
 Whilst MAN for ever sighs for something new,

On here I rest, till gathering fogs arise,
 Or SOL descending seeks remoter skies;
 When fleeting shadows giant-forms assume,
 And with *reluctant* steps I reach my home.
 At home--(this *straw-roof'd* home)--what pleasure
 flows
 From grateful sense of what my God bestows!
Health, rosy *Health*, and smiling *peace* sent down,
 The wish'd *Recovery* benignly crown.

So happy while this calm *content* remains,
 My mind each hour some new improvement gains,
 No jarring thoughts her cloudless peace invade,
 No servile views—no selfish schemes of trade !
 I dream not now what *thousands* might be won,
 Nor heed the fortune of rich Monop's son !
 The want of gay society repine,
 Or long to tread the well known banks of Tync.

You, my good friend ! may all the nine inspire,
 Enrich your genius with their sacred fire !
 May HEALTH attend you to your latest day,
 And may your soul serenely wing her way.

1749.

A PRAYER.

MY GOD!—whilst here on earth I live,
 VIRTUE that chief of blessings give :
 Next grant me WISDOM's heavenly ray ;
 To light me to Eternal day.
 Still let my study be thy law,
 Which make me keep with reverent awe.
 O ever gracious ! ever kind !
 Vouchsafe me health and peace of mind,
 Of worldly wealth, O deign to grant
 Such *plenty*, that I ne'er may want,

I ask

I ask not riches in excess,
 No splendid equipage, or dress;
 Nor hoarded heaps—be this my store,
 A competence!—I crave no more. 1749.

The MAN *of* SHILDON.

*Inscribed to JOHN WALTON, Gent. one of the people
 called Quakers.*

LET learned bards illude the vulgar ear,
 With high encomiums on each lordly peer;
 Or modestly active in a venal praise,
 To none but *rich men* tune their partial lays,
 My humble muse, confin'd on sylvan plains,
 Shall sing, friend WALTON, in her artless strains.

Bear witness all! whatever state ye share,
 Who oft in throngs to social JOHN's repair;
 From pride, from meanness, is the man not free?
 In him no *trifling* complaisance you see!
 And yet, his *easy*, unreserv'd address,
 Does knowledge of the courteous world express,
 Flatter he wo'nt—nor wou'd offence impart,
 But frankly speaks the language of his heart.
 To *ranks*, or *state*, by changeful fortune made,
 From him no false, or mock regard is paid:

'Tis inward worth alone he cares to find,
 No matter whose—he loves an *upright* mind!
 His choice directed by this certain plan,
 “ Good manners only can complete the man.”
 So when the *wealthy* trains attend his door,
 He ne’er forgets to welcome in the *poor*.
 With the same hand that just caress’d a *lord*,
 He leads the *needy* to his friendly board.

For *perfect* friends how oft we seek in vain,
 Thro’ *lines* of those we call our nearest kin?
 Whilst JOHN’S kind friendship free to all remains,
 Alike to noblemen and rustic swains.

He shows no parts the *scholar*’s wreath to claim,
 But shares in honesty a nobler flame.
 What if objections on his tenets fall?
 His *daily* charities shall hide them all:
 His hospitality *exemplar* shines,
 And calls for imitation—from *divines*.
 Hail, *honest* man! was ev’ry soul so pure,
 Did all, like thee, celestial truth secure,
 Rising unfetter’d from each selfish view,
 How soon would friendship all her charms renew.

Here take my wish—whatever days shall shine,
 May perfect health, and bosom-peace be thine!
 O may’st

O may'st thou never from thy maxims part,
 But still maintain thy probity of heart.
 Sure when kind fate shall close thy mortal eyes,
 And call thee from this earth to happier skies,
 Recorded thus, thy memory shall last
 Thro' distant times, when this dull age is past.

1749.

The SISTERS.

An Address to two Young-sister Ladies in DURHAM.

LADIES!

THO' charms which grace the virgin morn;
 Your fairer, brighter meins adorn;
 And tho' ye claim as melting lays,
 As flow'd in SACHARISSE's praise,
 Yet since, alas, ere life's last day,
 Those features must of course decay;
 Those lips, those cheeks, endure the shade;
 And ev'n those sparkling eye-balls fade;
 Forgive, my fair, the serious muse,
 If now a graver theme she chuse.

Whilst yet the bloom of youth you share,
 Let virtue be your chiefest care;
 Her smiles the heartfelt bliss bestow,
 She yields a paradise below.

If once from *her* sage rules you part,
 Farewell sincerity of heart!
 Farewell to reason's friendly beams,
 Lost in a fairy maze of dreams.
 Then nought but trifles will engage,
 Each gewgaw folly of the age!
 Gay *fops*, with idle whims betray,
 To lead you from yourselves away.

Despise that foible of the fair,
 A prudish, starch'd, affected air.
 To DELIA's lot what graces fall,
 Yet lo, this vice eclipses all!
 And she who might the *wisest* move,
 Can hardly fix a *booby's* love.

Shun *them* that with approbrious fame,
 Delight to wound a neighbour's name;
 Who, big with envy's hell-borne crew,
 Deny to merit's self its due.
 Ne'er let their aspic tongues persuade,
 Exalt whate'er their lies degrade;
 Or wrap in kind oblivion's shade.

Alike from pride and meanness free,
 In all estates consistent be.

Vaunt

Vaunt not that nature's kindly care,
Hath made ye so completely fair :
Remember—*beauties* are but clay,
The tinged insects shine as gay,
Nor till their season droop away.
And O when love,—when love alarms,
When numbers *court* ye to their arms,
With caution hear each soft address,
Nor think that *every* man can bless !
Of all those crowds who wedlock prove,
How *few* have known what 'tis to love !
If fortune be the point in view,
The lover is too seldom true !
If beauty raise the warm desire,
Too soon the transient flames expire.
The youth prefer, whose notions rise
Beyond a *sordid* passion's prize ;
Who loves you from a virtuous aim,
His soul in all events the same.
Rejoice to be by *such* possess'd,
For only such can make ye blest.
If once the vow from *choice* be given,
Revere it as the law of heaven ;
Sacred for ever in the mind,
Let constancy that promise bind.
Sure they who plighted vows prophane,
Shall sigh for happiness in vain ;

Conscious too late, their hearts shall know
From truth alone the raptures flow!

O may the pleasing fate be mine,
To see ye all accomplish'd shine;
Each mind excel each charming face,
Possess'd of ev'ry purer grace!
So shall ye prove your sex's boast,
Ador'd by them who know ye most!
Each happy midst the vital bloom,
Each happy in a *peaceful* tomb!
Then, when the transient scene is o'er,
And ye can charm the world no more,
Oft by your graves the *good* shall come,
Reflecting on their native home;
And sighing, this *last* praise bestow,
Here—lies a CHUDLEIGH—there—a ROWE!

1749.

TRUE BEAUTY.

THINK not, my friend, that *beauty* lies
In blooming cheeks, or sparkling eyes;
Or that the heavenly charmer rests
On ruby lips, or snow-white breasts;
Nor fancy that she's *really* seen
In comely shape, or sprightly mein;

Can

Can that be beauty which decays,
And dies before life's fleeting days?

Would'st thou immortal beauty find,
Go seek her in the virtuous mind!
Behold—in calm ELLISA's soul,
The goddess reigns without controul!
'Tis *there* her genuine charms thou'lt prove,
'Tis *there* she calls for all thy love.
Tho' youth and bloom each year decline,
The lovely maid grows more *divine*!
And may the *gods*, if e'er thou wed,
With such *true beauty* bless thy bed.

1749.

ROMAN FATHER.

*To the Author of that Tragedy, on my seeing it acted
the first Night.*

AS when brave PUBLIUS, on the brink of fate,
Preserv'd his country's freedom, and her state,
The youths and virgins wreaths of flowrets bring,
And round the *hero* grateful pæans sing,
So now, each lover of the tragic scene,
Should offer laurels of *unfading* green,
To you, who in this *dull*, declining age,
Revive the glory of the British stage.

Before

Before your strokes each modern quits the field,
Ancients themselves the noblest palms might yield.
 Like SHAKESPEARE's self you draw the tender part,
 Shew NATURE *perfect* in the human heart;
 Such as it was when ROMANS dar'd be brave,
 Such as it was when BRITONS scorn'd a slave.

What *thinking* man beholds the god-like fire,
 Whose bosom glows not with congenial fire!
 What fair one can refrain from streaming eyes,
 When warm in youth the lost HORATIA dies?
 In each pathetic scene, who can refuse
 To hail with loud applause your *virtuous* muse!

March 1749.

The APOLOGY.

MY thanks, ADULMO! for your sage advice,
 I own we shou'd be *seasonably* wise;
 But can't agree, the muse is *much* to blame,
 Because she sometimes dares indulge her flame:
 For tho', by *want* to fretful cares confin'd,
 'Tis sure no *crime* to ease the anxious mind.

Will it suffice? tho' I with prudent care,
 Against the needs of future days prepare;

With

With diligence pursue commercial art,
 And act an honest and industrious part :
 If *weakly* subject to the world's false rules,
 I'm always *grov'ling* with its *passive* fools ;
 Or in my leisure moments idly stray,
 As vanity or vice direct the way ;
 Ah no—whate'er *your* modes of faith may be,
 Such faith is far from orthodox with me.

True *moral knowledge*, which that world denies,
 'Tis mine to seek among the good and wise.
 Oft must the soul within herself retire,
 And after virtue's sacred truths enquire ;
 A while forsake each *sect*, each *private* road,
 " *To look thro' nature up to nature's god.*"
 Such is my infant faith, and such shall guide
 My steps thro' life, in spite of reasoning pride.

So when invited by the mental power,
 I steal from trade, and seek a silent hour ;
 Should then the tuneful nine my breast inspire,
 With sacred warmth of their immortal fire ;
 Impartial say—will *all* my muse despise
 If from this mortal scene she boldly rise,
 And struggle (tho' in vain) to reach the skies ?
 The soaring *larks* enchant the listening swains,
 Yet some *approve* the linnet's humbler strains !

THE CHOICE.

WOULD Jove, who hath made us, in mercy
decree

A *pastoral* life, and its comforts for me;
That bidding dull trade and its objects adieu,
The mind might be free, *better* themes to pursue:
Of all this vast globe, so extending below,
My choice of *abode* shou'd be *Helmedon Row*:

There nature profuse, unadorned by art;
With beauties *so various* engages the heart;
All over the vallies, the hills and the plains,
A *sweetness* ambrosial, so charmingly reigns:
Salubrious the springs which spontaneously flow,
And shed forth their balms around *Helmedon Row*:

How peacefully there the soft moments wou'd droll;
No vanities lurking to tempt the calm soul;
But *joys*, much serener, invite her to stay,
And wean her from crowds and their fashions away:
Each blessing which mortals seem needful to know,
She'll find the completest at *Helmedon Row*.

O ye! my good friends, who this bosom *must* share,
In *truth*, my associates, and partners in care;
And *thou*! my fair STELLA, whom long I have
lov'd,

By all, who best know thee, admir'd and approv'd!

Tho'

THE SERIOUS LOVER.

41

Tho' now ye such raptures intrinsic bestow,
Much more I'd revere ye at *Helmedon Row*.

There, blest with content, in some straw-roofed
cell,
With me wou'd ye all condescendingly dwell;
How frequent our visits among the green shades,
To court into kindness APOLLO's sweet maids:
And whilst emanations auspiciously glow,
We'd sing in full concert of *Helmedon Row*.

In each fleeting day, happy moments we'd find
To praise the GREAT GOD! all so glorious and
kind! -

For *wisdom* and *modesty*, constant implore,
'Till life's closing scene entertains us no more:
Then far from the world's empty tumult and show,
Depart, *rich in peace*, from this *Helmedon Row*.

1750.

The SERIOUS LOVER:

INVITED by the chearful dawn,
I rose, and walk'd the dewy lawn;
There, by a brook, whose crystal stream
Shone with AURORA's kindling beam;

G

I spy'd

I spy'd a youth step to and fro,
While thus he sung of SALLY LOWE.

O Brook! what charming scenes appear!
What sylvan majesty is here!
How blissful looks each smiling place!
What blooming sweets thy borders grace!
But, ah, in vain their beauties glow,
All, all must yield to SALLY LOWE.

Oft on thy flow'ry brink reclin'd,
So happy, happy in my peace of mind,
I've meditating spent the day,
And pleas'd, beheld thee glide away:
Unheeded now thy murmurs flow,
The muse is fled with SALLY LOWE.

Ye rural shades, what heart-felt joy
Did every rising thought employ,
When 'midst your grots and shady bowers,
I early fought the tuneful powers!
But *now* no transports ye bestow,
None, none can prompt like SALLY LOWE.

All pensive in the vocal grove,
My soul can turn to nought but love;

There

HAPPY BIRD.

43

There, as the warblers chant their lays,
I list to hear my SALLY's praise;
And if the gentle zephirs blow,
Methinks they whisper SALLY LOWE.

Since then in vain I strive to part
This pleasing passion from my heart,
When present; I am still the same,
And absence but augments my flame;
Thou, God of love, where'er I go,
Delight my days with SALLY LOWE.

1759.

HAPPY BIRD.

THE WOODLARK, perch'd on yonder spray,
Sweetly chants its pleasing lay;
Matchless warbles move its throat,
Peace and rapture swell each note:
No disturbance it doth know,
Happy all its moments flow:
Happy in its rural state,
Happy with its faithful mate.
Shaded by the friendly tree,
Happier creature can there be?

Happy all its harmless breast,
Since its young have left their nest;

Since

DEATH OF ERISSUS,

Since they now securely rove,
 Learn to sing, and learn to love:
 And tho' *Autumn* leaves the plains,
 Happy still the bird remains:
 When the fading leaves shall die,
 To some covert it will fly;
 There, content with folded wing,
 Happy be till dawning spring.

So the mind that virtue loves,
 Where no conscious guilt reproves,
 Perfect in her *surest* guide,
 Happy is whate'er betide!
 Happy, when the proud assail,
 Happy, e'en tho' foes prevail!
 When with solemn, dread repose,
Death the mortal scene shall close;
 Then, *O then*, she'll happy be,
 Happy thro' eternity.

1750.

DEATH of ERISSUS.

On the Death of ERISSUS, a favourite Canary,

OFT, in a narrow cage confin'd,
 ERISSUS chear'd his *harmless* mind;

He

DEATH OF ERISSUS.

45

He warbled forth from day to day,
And even charm'd the night away.
He more on STELLA's heart cou'd gain
Than speeches from the liveliest swain.
But when he saw the *rovers* fly,
And range at large the spacious sky,
Kind nature turn'd his thought on *these*,
And shew'd him liberty and trees.

Then—how he'd flutter to and fro,
Forget his cage, and *strive* to go;
Like *them* to mount on airy wing,
Like them in happier concert sing;
He seem'd to *sigh* for such a state,
He seem'd to *wish* some woodland mate,
With whom his dancing hours might move,
In one continued round of love.
This morning, as he strove to be,
Death came, and set the warbler free.

Grieve not, thou lovely, tender fair!
He wanted neither food nor care;
Thy *lilly* hand the fount supply'd,
And all his cravings satisfy'd.
He knew from whence those comforts sprung,
And many a grateful *ode* he sung:

But

But form'd by nature's bounty free,
 He dy'd to gain sweet liberty!
 And thus shou'd worthiest Britons prize
 That gem, from which their blessings rise.

1750.

The FAVOURITE DOG.

The favourite Dog, named BULLY.

COME, little BULLY, let us range
 Those flowery meads, round yonder grange;
 There sport—and innocently gay,
 Close the last scene of this retiring day.

When out with thee, how calm my breast,
 All worldly cares are sunk to rest;
 No vanities the soul surprize,
 Sweet contemplation yields her heavenly joys,

To me thy gambols more engage,
 Than all the pastimes of the age;
 When swiftly thou pursu'st the chace,
 Or giv'st thy foot, or turn'st thy sportive maze.

What outward beauties thou can'st show!
 Drest in thy collar, thou'rt a beau!

Yes,

Yes, BULLY, thou may'st shew the fair
Thy *jetty* locks, *bright* eyes, and jaunty air.

In thee such tenderness I find,
As speaks thee of a *Spartan* kind;
Whene'er the *morsel* I impart,
Thy looks expressive tell thy *grateful* heart.

Nor pride nor envy haunt with thee,
A *faithless* friend thou canst not be;
Secure from fashion's wandering flame,
Thou liv'st as nature made thee,—*still the same*.

Not so vain man—he oft essays
To grasp at bliss by *erring* ways;
Confounds that reason goodness gave,
Nor *thinks*, till shuddering o'er the frightful grave,

But lo! the *sun* forsakes our skies,
Soft evenings milder lustres rise;
And now yon woodlark tunes its lay,
Come, little BULLY, let us haste away,

To a L A D Y.

NEWCASTLE INFIRMARY.

*On laying the Foundation of the INFIRMARY,
at Newcastle.*

O You! who more than beauty's charms can
boast,
Still best belov'd by those who know you most!
Your spotless breast, nor vice nor folly share,
Intrinsic goodness reigns sole monarch there!
While rural sweets invite your longer stay,
My muse salutes you with her artless lay;
Believes fair STELLA will these strains approve,
The theme—what ev'ry soul like yours must love.

I've heard you oft of busy towns complain,
“ That nought prevail'd but vanity and gain;
“ That *Virtue* long had bid the crowd farewell,
“ And fix'd her dwelling in the *Hermit's* cell.”
But now, my fair, your transient fears disown,
The awful goddess re-assumes her throne;
O'er social life, again exerts her sway,
And deigns to smile on this auspicious day.

Here *numbers*, leaving ev'ry meaner claim,
By CHARITY secure a deathless name;

No helpless strangers now rejected lye,
 Nor *priest*, nor *Levite* pass unfeeling by.
 The forlorn wretch, whom painful anguish grieves,
 At ev'ry door the needful aid receives!
 Each gen'rous breast with soft compassion glows,
 Each lib'ral hand a friendly gift bestows;
 No *sect* deny'd—no *partial* end design'd,
 But all a salutary welcome find.

And lo! ere long, benevolence shall raise
 An *house of health*! the joy of future days!
 Rejoic'd we've seen the first *foundation* plac'd,
 Which humble deed a *blameless* prelate grac'd.
 To BUTLER'S worth, what songs of praise belong,
 Whose active life is moral as his tongue!
 O wou'd each *ruler* of the church and state,
 Strive so to live, and be as *truely* great!
 See to what bliss such god-like actions lead,
 The sweet effects thro' distant ages spread.

May STELLA long a *bright* example shine;
 We must adore where truth and beauty join!
 To *such*, the muses will rejoice to bring
 All welcome tidings which from virtue spring.

A PROLOGUE

To a Play acted for the benefit of the Infirmary.

The curtains draws up, and shews the Speaker in a thoughtful posture, who, after some pause, speaks aside.

O With what rapture I those *circles* view,
How great's my task, where so much praise
is due!

Now *Truth* assist me,—'tis to *thee* alone
I trust the cause, to make their merits known.
Who *thus*, without a partial end design'd,
Become the *social* friends of human kind!
Superior to the sting of envious fame,
'They build on *charity*, a *deathless* name.

[*Advancing to the audience.*]

Hail worthy guardians, by whose bounteous toil
Misery finds rest, and anguish learns to smile!
I come from *those*, who once oppress'd with grief
Are now the *objects* of your kind relief.
To you, and all who share the *gen'rous* part,
Each yields the tribute of a *grateful* heart.
Numbers, that late your needful aid implor'd,
Are now again to long-lost health restor'd.

If

If there be *some* your goodness cannot save,
 At least ye *smooth* their passage to the grave :
 Blest with your care—they raise no plaintive sigh,
 But bear with patience, and serenely die.
 Such good effects from pious acts proceed,
 This is, O *friends*, benevolence indeed!

Ye, who in learning's lofty page excel,
 Remember—wisdom lies in *doing well* :
 In vain the most pathetic tongue may move,
 Since *deeds* alone can gain the *wreaths* above.

Ye who can boast the world's refulgent store,
 Ne'er let the groans of want in vain implore !
 With sympathizing breast, ah heal their woe,
 And nobly *strive* who shall the first bestow.

Pity with you, ye fair ! still may ye find !
 How sweet the graces of a tender mind !
 Such then be *yours*—for all those virtues born,
 Which charm mankind, and as they charm reform,
 Who but must then your pleasing steps pursue,
 Who can be *happy* if *unblest* by you ?

Hail *benefactors*, hail ! in every state,
 To do as ye have done, is *truly* great :
 Whilst life's fast fleeting hours their circuits run,
 Deign to *support* what you've *so well* begun.

On SUPERFLUOUS WEALTH.

DEAR HAL! for once *my* counsel take,
 From all thy golden dreams awake;
 Endow'd with *quite-enough*, and more,
 Why dost thou still for *Wealth* implore?
 Superfluous wealth—that curse below,
 Sure none but fools should sigh to know:
Such, whom bright truth cou'd ne'er controul,
 Lost in their *poverty of soul*.

This *trash*, for which thy bosom akes,
 What strange, unnatural brutes it makes!
 Its glad possessors round survey,
 And what more *wretched* things than they?
 Lo, one avows he is your friend,
 But *faith* he never car'd to lend!
 Before he'd from this maxim swarve,
 He'd see his near relations starve.
 Another, still to *cash* more true,
 Denies his very babes their *due*.
 A third, amidst his rising pelf,
 With *cautious* prudence starves himself.
 Behold monopolizing knaves,
 Whom lust of mammon so enslaves;
 Their deeds, no equity controuls,
 To gain the *plumb* they stake their souls!

Than

Than not succeed they'll stoop to draw
By rapine, or the *quirks* of law,
Whilst *numbers*, full as mad as they,
For *shadows* throw their *sums* away ;
Yet what their *niggard* heart denies,
Their itch for vanities supplies ;
Just as the frenzy moves their head,
Their slaves receive a stone, or bread.

Thus *thousands*, who have *mines* to spare,
And well might bid the needy share ;
To true benevolence are blind,
Few, like Sir WALTER, *bless* mankind.

Suppose thy *coffers* heap'd on high,
What *solid* blessings can'st thou buy ?
Will gold thy mental peace secure,
Or make one future moment sure ?
Or can it gain thee wisdom's ray,
To light thy paths to endless day ?
These, hundred thousands won't obtain ;
Then all thy wishes rise in vain.

O HAL, reflect ! when death shall come,
To call thy captiv'd spirit home ;
Will *wealth* a pierceless shield impart,
To save thee from his leaden dart ?

Alas,

Alas, in that sad, solemn hour,
 'Twill matter not, or *rich* or *poor*;
 Thou *then* can'st purchase but a grave,
 And *that*, even needy I *must* have!
 Forbear, dear HAL, forbear to pine
 For what can give thee nought divine;
 They're only *rich* who *virtue* love,
 'Tis *virtue* gains the wealth above.

Besides, my friend, who'd care to run
 Those risks which men of wealth have done?
 Think from what *oracle* it came,
 (Sacred for ever be the name!)
 How *difficult* for *such* to climb,
Such, to ascend with souls sublime;
 Where *angels* everlasting dwell;
 Where all is virtue, and where all excel;
 Whate'er the learn'd translators say,
 Or commentators *fine* away,
 In revelation's heavenly strain,
 The *truth*, the *sacred truth*, will still remain,

Observe where all *my* wishing ends,
 (I long have had two faithful friends,)
 I wish—whilst I'm a wanderer here,
 For just two hundred pounds a year;

Or

Or thus, in other words implore
 A competence—I count no more.
 Sound perfect health to sweeten life,
 And if I wed—a virtuous wife.
 These once obtain'd, I'll seek no more,
 But leave the world its golden store.

EPITAPH upon an OLD USURER.

THE full-pac'd SHYLOCK, artful and secure,
 Kept cyphering on, till life's departing hour;
 But death subtracts his interest in the grave,
 And justice marks the discount he must have.
 Sure, worms must prey, if mortal bite they've any,
 Prey on the wretch who us'd to prey on many.

The MORNING WALK.

ARISE, ALPHONSO, haste, arise,
 Again *Aurora* gilds the skies;
 Again her soft'ning lustres glow,
 How grateful to the climes below!
 No more let dreamful sleep prevail,
 But walk with me yon winding dale.

Lo, wherefoe'er we turn our eyes,
 What trains of beamy splendors rise,

Which

Which round the bright horizon play,
To usher in the brighter day :
The shades of night have left the plain,
All nature wakes to life again.

Hark ! how shrill that distant cry ?
To this, the neighbouring cocks reply :
Yon barking curs the flocks alarm ;
What murmurs round each lonely farm ?
There industry exerts her sway.
And all with chearful zeal obey.

The lowing kine, at ev'ry gate,
Impatient for the milkmaids wait :
Around, the harmless lambkins bleat,
The neighing steeds each other greet,
While softer music fills the grove
With strains of gratitude and love.

Now flow'rets all their charms display,
And painted insects wing their way ;
Each o'er the beauteous landkip roves,
As want, or inclination moves.
Such humble scenes improve the mind,
The GOD OF GODS through all we find.

THE NOONTIDE WALK.

57

In splended majesty array'd,
Now see the glorious *Sun* display'd !
In vain surrounding clouds oppose,
His beams soon triumph over those ;
Still *perfect*, and supremely bright,
He *runs* to *yield* the world his light.

So you, ALPHONSO, still the same,
Still urg'd by *Virtue's* gen'rous flame,
By true benevolence of heart,
Smile at dark envy's keenest dart ;
And *active* for the noblest ends,
Arise each morn—to *blefs* your friends.

1752.

The NOONTIDE WALK.

ALL hail, PHILEMON, *Virtue's* friend !
Awhile to rural scenes attend ;
Awhile your social labours cease,
Enjoy the balmy sweets of peace : —
To yonder flowery meads repair,
And taste with me, the noontide air.

APOLLO's glorious beams are seen
Resplendent midst a sky serene ;

His smiles the farmers pleas'd survey,
And careful strow their new-mown hay :
Around, the busy nymphs and swains,
Exulting, tell their promis'd gains.

See now the flocks from uplands go,
To seek the cooler vales below ;
There chearful COLIN tries his lay,
And patient waits the close of day :
Blith ROGER, while he guides the share,
In carrols sings his easy care.

Still as we walk, new views appear,
Soft strains delight the listening ear ;
That shallow rivulet purls along,
And linnets join the woodlark's song :
The *mowers*, whilst they sweep their way,
Facetious jest, and all is gay.

But hark !—loud thunders rend the sky ;
Haste—haste—to yonder hamlet fly.

Behold the *lightning's* frightful glare,
How sadly chang'd the land skips are !
Sudden, vast impetuous rain
Descends, and smokes along the plain :

The

THE EVENING WALK.

59

The swains and nymphs to sheds have run,
And there lament the *absent sun*.

Ah now, in vain we turn our eyes,
No beauteous opening prospects rise;
No more we hear the voice of love,
No music echoes through the grove:
No more we hear the murmuring rills,
But torrents roaring down the hills.

So fares it with my restless mind,
When *you*, by sickness, are confin'd:
I wear not then the face of joy,
Dark brooding griefs my thoughts employ:
A sort of painful tumults reign,
Till *Virtue's* friend *shines* forth again.

1752.

The EVENING WALK.

COME thou! whom even foes can't blame,
Fair object of my youthful flame!
Awhile domestic toil forbear,
And deign with me to take the air:
Along yon river's verdant side,
We'll taste the sweets of eventide.

What

What bright ethereal lustres glow?
 Still brighter in the streams below!
 What splendor guilds those distant spires?
 How calm the charming day retires!
 Mild zephyr gently whispering roves,
 And softly waves the yielding groves.

See how the fish in harmless play,
 With circles mark their liquid way:
 The feather'd tribes their nests explore;
 The bees their chymic toils give o'er:
 What raptures move yon blackbird's breast,
 That sweetly chants himself to rest,

The silent herds to folds repair,
 The shepherd pens his fleecy care;
 The wearied ploughman homeward goes,
 And meditates his wish'd repose:
 Around, the lessening clamours cease,
 And all is calmly hush'd in peace,

Now *Sol* must seek remoter skies,
 For lo, the shades of night arise!
 He, safe amidst his cloudless ray,
 In having bless'd the world with day!
 His brightness to the last retains,
 And smiling, leaves the dusky plains.

THE CHARMS OF NATURE, 61

So thou, my fair! when death draws nigh,
Shalt view him with a chearful eye;
In all thy innocence array'd,
With all thy virtuous deeds display'd,
Serenely this dark globe resign,
And bear thy charms to realms divine,

1752.

The CHARMS of NATURE.

TO *them*, whose minds attentive trace
The various beauties of her face,
Through ev'ry season of the year,
Still *Nature's* rural charms appear;
How glorious midst the vernal ray!
How lovely even in decay!

In *Spring*, what sweet delights the yields,
How gaily paints the smiling fields;
With aromatics smooths the breeze,
With tufts adorns the rising trees;
Around a lively verdure throws,
And in the roseate splendor glows!

In *Summer*, o'er the fertile plains
What peace, what pleasing transport reigns!
A new creation try to rove,
And swell the chorus of the grove;

With

62 THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

With golden plumes, profusely gay,
The changeful insects wing their way.

When *Autumn* spreads its chefnut hues,
What charmful scenes the eye purfues !
With pleasure fees the soften'd fhade,
And milder luftrcs gild the glade :
The loaded fheafs their heads decline,
On boughs the mellow clufters fhine.

Midft *Winter*, round the frozen floods,
The fnow-topt hills, and filent woods ;
A certain fweetnefs ftill we find,
That ftrikes the right difpofed mind ;
To *such*, each crouded grange fupplies
A full variety of joys.

Thus, ever bounteous, ever kind,
She pours her brilliance unconfin'd ;
Does profit with delight impart,
Exalts reflection, fills the heart,
With reafon joins emphatic call,
To bring us to the GOD OF ALL.

TO PARMO.

On his over Fondness for certain CRITICS.

PARMO! 'tis thought you over prize
Those *coxcombs*, fond of seeming wise;
Who, having barely seen the schools,
Become such self-sufficient fools;
By proud conceit too early born,
A modest diffidence they scorn.
Of ev'ry *ancient*, crown'd by fame,
They know the language and the name,
But proper characters, we find,
Great scholars! they have left behind,
Their little learning, empty boast!
In superficial reading lost.
'Tis strange their converse e'er shou'd please;
What can you learn from *fops* like these?

Who wou'd in company endure
These banes of ev'ry social hour?
Whilst all their ratling nonsense flies,
Romantic notions, foolish lies;
Dull squibs of wit, untimely thrown,
False reas'nings, plainly all their own.
Whilst wrong in ev'ry other's sight,
Perversely blind, they will be right!

Where

Where get you patience to with-hold
The lifted foot, or censure bold ?

How can you resolutely bear,
When grasping at their wreaths in air,
They tell of vast designs in view,
Of forming something tritely new ;
Of living with the god-like sage,
Secure from follies of the age ;
With reason, and religion's ray,
To persevere in righteous way ;
Whilst all their practice constant tends
To some low ignominious ends ;
Evincing, in each day's event,
That *nothing* is the *something* meant !
That all their vast momentous schemes
Are built, at best, on waking dreams !

When drunk, they'll dwell on truths divine,
The charms of solitude define !
Immortal virtue's great regard !
True merit, and its sure reward !
Sobriety, their best esteem !
Humility, their favourite theme !

Thus inconsistently they're led
Through the dark whirlpool of their head ;

Deluded

Deluded by the mists of pride,
 They follow with the mazy tide ;
 The sport of ev'ry wind they steer,
 Till landing on—the Lord knows where !

From cheats like these your soul remove,
 If virtue and the nine you love ;
 If virtue and the nine you'd gain,
Nor be so positive, nor vain.

1753.

The FUNERAL.

FROM modish follies, masquerades,
 The daily revels, night-parades ;
 From childish gambols, pomp and show,
 Where *many* fix the bliss below !
 From scenes whose darksome views betray,
 And lead the conscious mind astray ;
 The bane of virtue ! nurse of pride !
 PARMOTHIO, let us turn aside ;
 To yonder *church-yard* calm repair,
 And view the solemn prospects there.

Hark, that mournful sounding bell !
 Some soul hath bid the world farewell.
 What poring mortal can survey
 Its passage to the realms of day ?

K

What

What learned doctor can explore
Its landing on that unknown shore ?
How *happy* if it acted well !
How *wretched* if from truth it fell !

See here, my friend, a new made-grave ;
Such is the bed that we must have,
When the warm blaze of life is o'er,
And the false world can please no more !
That coffin, almost worn away,
These bones, that with a touch decay ;
The worms which o'er the rubbish crawl,
The sable gloom that shadows all,
Remind us of our changeful state,
Remind us of approaching fate !
Yes, kind PARMOTHIO, we must go,
How soon, it is not ours to know !
Perhaps to day—start not my friend,
This moment both our lives may end ;
So frail that youth, to which we trust,
This moment we may fall to dust !
When e'er the fatal shaft shall fly,
Oh may we be prepar'd to die !

That empty scull, might once contain,
Perhaps, a more than NEWTON's brain !

There

THE FUNERAL.

67

There might have breath'd a MILTON's soul,
 A POPE, an ADDISON, or BOYLE.
 Within that space might lodge a tongue,
 That spoke as solemn truths as YOUNG !
 All silent now, unknown it lies,
 And mix'd with common ashes, dies.

See there the funeral pomps appear,
 What mournful trains furround the bier !
 What melancholy sighs arise !
 What sorrows fall from down-cast eyes !
 And yet how *few*, that shun relief,
 E'er felt the manly, gen'rous grief ;
 Observe that *one* who walks behind,
 His look serene bespeaks his mind.
 Some friend, no doubt, who really lov'd,
 By reason sway'd, by friendship mov'd.
 What tho' no streams his cheeks o'er-flow,
 What tho' he wears no weeds of woe ;
 In soul he mourns—there all display'd,
 He still surveys the parted shade ;
 Recalls their social moments past,
 And dwells for ever on the last :
 With patience does the bliss resign,
 Nor murmurs at the will divine ;
 For bright religion sooths his pain,
 With hopes that they shall meet again !

O happy

O happy state, when hearts thus love!
 Fair emblem of the blest above!
 With more than mortal warmth they glow,
 And feel a paradise below.

Here yet, my friend, attentive stay,
 Such scenes the firmest truths convey.

The soul just gone, what might it be,
 When blended with mortality?
 Perhaps 'twas one, who, as design'd,
 Became the blessing of mankind!
 Who nobly did to all impart
 A true benevolence of heart.
 Perhaps 'was one, who, fond of fame,
 Strove here to fix a lasting name;
 Or one that never soar'd at all,
 Whose only triumph was to fall!
 Who lost to ev'ry thought refin'd,
 The glorious fallies of the mind,
 Or big with what the world calls great,
 Ne'er sigh'd to know a happier state!
 Like the vile worm, in dust its claim,
 And mortal treasures all its aim.
Such, if thou wer't, ah lost indeed!
 Thou *liv'st*, but all thy joys are fled!

The

THE FUNERAL.

69

The humble turf, alas, may hide
That frothy thing, a man of pride !
Who deem'd himself the priest of God,
Yet blindly with the blindest trod.
Whate'er it was, let censure cease,
No more its vice or virtues please :
If mild in thought, the saint is fled,
If proud, behold the proud is dead !
With riches, and with honors blest,
Or with the pains of want oppress'd,
No matter now—in death the same,
The Lazar, and the man of fame :
The rich, if good, shall more obtain,
The poor, in endless glory reign !

Thrice prudent they, who frequent come
To read and meditate the tomb ;
From pride and mundane views apart,
There calm to search the human heart,
Reflect on life's uncertain span,
And learn the true design of man.

Let us, my friend, by reason led,
In the bright paths of virtue tread ;
To wisdom all our souls apply,
And learn at once to live and die.

1753.

HEALTH *and* PEACE.*An ODE.*

TELL me not of grandeur's scenes,
 Gorgeous pomp of kings and queens;
 Brilliant glories of the great;
 Shining equipage of state;
 What the splended balls bestow,
 Gay variety of show!

Tell me not that gold supplies
 Mansions tow'ring to the skies;
 How the wond'rous dross affords
 Joyous plenty, sumptuous boards;
 All that mortal sense can crave,
 All that *epicures* wou'd have!

Talk to me of more than wealth;
 Ever smiling rosy *health*!
 She, whom ancient Rome implor'd,
 Salus! on the mount ador'd;
 Breathing o'er the fertile plains,
 Purest 'mong the chearful swains.

Join

EPISTLE FROM THE COUNTRY. 71

Join with her, soft balmy *peace*,
Parent of a heart-felt bliss!
She, who flying strife and noise,
Yields her chaste, serener joys,
Leads us on to thoughts refin'd,
Cloudless sunshine of the mind!

Leave, O leave what's grand or vain,
Health and *peace* shall swell the strain:
Whilst on *these* each number flows,
How my raptur'd bosom glows!
Happy, wou'd the fates decree
These, and only these for me!

1753.

An EPISTLE *from the* COUNTRY.

Inscribed to Mr SPENCER.

WHILST in the *town* oblig'd to stay,
You various spend the changeful day;
Whilst cares, which cloud the heart-felt joy,
The *dearest* of your hours employ;
Withdrawn by choice to sylvan plains,
Your youthful friend content remains.
Releas'd from trade, and thorny strife,
A while he leads a *peaceful* life:

With

72 EPISTLE FROM THE COUNTRY.

With health, and humble fare in store,
 He's happy, and he asks no more !
 Safe from the burly of a town,
 Aloud he makes his transport known.
 What bliss to him the season brings,
 To you, and ev'ry bard he sings.
 So the glad bird, from cage set free,
 In swelling notes hails liberty ;
 From grove to grove delighted flies,
 And tells to ev'ry mate its joys.

Here, yet some summer-fruits remain,
 Tho' autumn ripens the teeming grain ;
 Tho' loaded sheafs in stooks are shown,
 Some fields of hay are yet unwon :
 Late ploughmen in the fallows toil,
 And turn a-new the weedy soil.
 Nor can we blame the faultless fwains,
 Or tax them with neglected pains ;
 Betimes they sow'd, in season car'd,
 And for æstival suns prepar'd ;
 But storms, the wise cou'd not fortel,
 And unexpected rains besel.
 Howe'er, no plaintive murmurs rise,
 No peevish anger at the skies !
 The rains have ceas'd, the storms are past,
 And *plenty* crowns their hopes at last.

EPISTLE FROM THE COUNTRY. 73

If here aught seems to be deny'd,
Lo there the want is full supply'd!
For *Providence*, supremely kind,
Dispenses blessings unconfin'd.

Soon as the morning dews remove,
I o'er the varied landſcape rove;
Now here, now there, as fancy guides;
Each ſcene by turns my thought divides.

When the ſtrip'd *reapers*, blithe and gay,
Pursue the labours of the day;
With them I join, and lend my hands
To ſet the ſtocks, or form the bands:
Pleas'd with their jokes and fairy tales,
I laugh, and no diſguſt prevails.
How ſimple all their language ſeems,
Whilst nature gives the artleſs themes!
Their wit, tho' ungenteelly drefs'd,
Is true, and feelingly expreſs'd!
But *ſuperſtition* ſtill retains
Her conqueſt in the hearts of ſwains.
For lo, if chance a *toad* be found,
Straight the loud notice rings around;
Thrice happy he who o'er it ſhears,
From *fickles* thence no harm he fears;

L

A lucky

74 EPISTLE FROM THE COUNTRY.

A lucky year the fact forebodes ;
 'Tis strange that luck shou'd rise from toads !
 Immortal SHILOH! (sacred name!)
 To purge the faith of mortals came ;
 To clear from mists the mental ray,
 And ope to all celestial day !
 But base ill-meaning men, still proud
 Their own inventions to intrude,
 With foolish notions blind the throng,
 And spite of reason lead them wrong.

When the first ridges shorn are seen,
 And all betake themselves to glean ;
 For other views I walk abroad,
 (Reflecting on the lucky *toad*,)
 O'er the next stile alert proceed,
 And change the stubble for the mead.

'Tis there I meet, on ev'ry side,
 Rakes, forks, and scythes, at once employ'd
 In swarths the new-mown herbage lies,
 The wind-rows form, and pikes arise :
 Some beauteous flow'rets still survive,
 And bloom at distance from the scythe ;
 But ah, ere long, to fate they yield,
 And join the havock of the field.

In

EPISTLE FROM THE COUNTRY. 75

In human life, when thus we find
A female, fairest of her kind!
Whose charms out-last her youthful prime,
Escap'd from ev'ry sickly time;
As pleas'd we gaze with just surprise,
Alas, the lovely creature dies!

But hark, the thirsty work-folk cry,
“ Lord save you, Sir, we're wond'rous dry;
“ O grant us but a single quart,
“ Each drinks your health—with all his heart.”
Averse to mercenary praise,
I drop them pence, then walk my ways.

Next view me wand'ring midst the shades,
Or basking by the sunny glades,
With fixed eye, and watchful ear,
Intent on ev'ry object near.
The birds, that on the branches play;
The motes, that part the beaming ray;
The tinged insects, swarming round;
The fleeting winds, that rustling sound;
The seeds of plants, that devious fly,
The nuts, that hang in clusters nigh;
The light and shade; all, all combine,
To tell me of a *band divine*!

Then,

76 EPISTLE FROM THE COUNTRY.

Then, with what warmth my thoughts arise,
How the soul ranges thro' the skies!
The mighty whole, with awe surveys,
In admiration lost, and praise.

O THOU! who gav'st this soul to be,
Preserve her virtuous and free;
Whilst here confin'd in mortal cage,
Let no deceitful vice engage:
Still may *thy* works her raptures draw,
O teach her to observe *thy* law!
From day to day, fit moment see
To *think*, and lift herself to THEE.

In groves the auburn colours spread,
The trees begin their leaves to shed;
The bees to lay their labours by,
Or only short excursions try:
Industrious emmets heap their grain,
All *nipt*, and safe from soaking rain:
Papilioes to their nymphæ creep,
And calm prepare for winter sleep.

On themes like these the bosom dwells,
And more than muse can sing she feels;
Till ROGER, from some neighb'ring ground,
With singing makes the woods resound;

I follow

EPISTLE FROM THE COUNTRY. 77

I follow where the echoes guide,
And find him at the team employ'd ;
Then glad partake his healthful care,
And down a furrow set the share.

He tells me many a harmless tale
Of TOM and SUSAN in the vale ;
Of faithless PEG, that durst betray
Poor CIMON on the wedding day :
He talks of farmer CAREFUL's wife,
Who has been saving all her life,
And fain wou'd have her daughter wed
To WILLIAM, in the country bred ;
But she, vain lass, to towns a slave,
A modish gentleman must have,
Who'll live where fashions daily grow,
And be that flimsy thing—a beau !

I work, and listful ear incline,
Till hunger drives me home to dine.

O sweet content ! that can'st impart
Abundance to a grateful heart ;
Through life what ease accrues from thee,
In whatsoever state we be ?
Whilst thou, rich blessing, art enjoy'd,
How soon is nature satisfy'd ?

When

78 EPISTLE FROM THE COUNTRY.

To read and meditate inclin'd ;
 Desirous to improve my mind ;
 When dinner, and the noontide's past,
 I silent to my chamber haste ;
 There turn the many volumes o'er,
 Where *science* yields her boundless store ;
 Where *poets* sing their pleasing lays,
 And flourish with unfading bays.
 But when to *holy-writ* I come,
 And conscious view the soul's last home,
 Convinc'd, I drop each poor design,
 And triumph in the page divine !

So the bold *mariner*, consign'd
 One *certain* wealthy port to find ;
 Where the stately *Indus* flows,
 Or where the costly ruby grows ;
 As long the various coast he sails,
 Now here, now there, alternate calls ;
 Where some few little helps he gains,
 Some *trifles* to amuse his pains ;
 But still, with warmest hope, he bends
 His course to where his voyage ends :
 'Tis *there* alone he cares to wait,
 There joyful sees the promis'd freight ;
 Regardless of the winds and tides,
 Drops anchor, and securely rides.

When

PROLOGUE TO PALMYRA. 79

When *evening* sheds a milder ray,
 I thro' the loanly vallies stray;
 And whilst from sloping heights above,
 The silent flocks to rest remove,
 To meditation all inclin'd,
 A sweet composure calms my mind:
 Until the deep approach of night,
 I revel in a true delight;
 No lawless guilty passions rage,
 No sad forbidden joys engage;
 With me, time's measure steals away,
 Instructive, and serenely gay.

1753.

PROLOGUE to the SIEGE of PALMYRA*.

IF simple nature hath the power to charm,
 If *honest* virtue can your bosoms warm;
 Then here—perhaps—our author may succeed,
 Young as he is, and tho' in schools unread.
 To gain your hearts, he tries no vulgar ways,
 Nor dares to *ask*—but seeks to *merit* praise.

To memory now, he fam'd PALMYRA brings.
 PALMYRA!—pride of nations! and the *boast* of
 kings!

His

* This Tragedy in the second Volume.

80 PROLOGUE TO PALMYRA.

His tragic muse the fatal time recalls,
When fierce AURELIAN storm'd her lofty walls.

In ancient history—the *facts* are shewn ;
From these he copies—and from these alone :
Why shou'd we borrow from the Grecian stage ?
Are we not Britons—warm'd with native rage ?
The GREEKS—their ÆSCHYLUS may boast ! their
SOPHOCLES !

Our English SHAKESPEARE wrote as *strong* as
these !

His boundless genius spurn'd each narrow rule ?
Pure human nature was his only school !
Wisely he still pursu'd *her* constant flame,
And lo ! she crown'd him with immortal fame.

O could our bard, like him, your passions move,
Describe—with equal justness—artless love !
Rouse conscious honour—in the *soldier's* breast,
Which *wears* true valour—by brave *deeds* exprest !
Cou'd he—like him—the *force* of friendship shew,
In *generous* souls that still for *merit* glow !
Paint the *good* man—midst *storms* of life resign'd,
Or mortal weakness in the *noblest* mind !
Then, might he hope, to gain the wish'd applause,
And fit indulgence from the *critic's* laws !

But

EPILOGUE TO PALMYRA. 81

But vain, alas! too vain such fond desire,
What *hardiest mortal* reaches SHAKESPEARE'S fire?

Yet—what he can—our zealous youth will try,
By tender strokes—to raise the *feeling* sigh,
Make soft compassion in those hearts succeed,
Which always melt whene'er the *virtuous* bleed!
Deign but attention to his active scenes,
The conduct notice—and regard the means;
Nobly to please—he'll all his art explore,
Then frankly *own*—his *genius* cou'd no more!

EPILOGUE to PALMIRA.

To be spoke by the Lady acting ALÆNA.

I Told our bard—that tho' 'twas still the vogue,
To *such* a play there needs no EPILOGUE;
Unless he meant to spoil his first intention,
In place of truth—intrude some droll invention.
If *pure* instruction he in fact design'd,
Why then stale nonsense to delude the mind?
He blush'd!—and own'd that I had rightly blam'd,
But to say *nothing*, he was most ashamed.
He'd gratitude—and must by all means shew it,
So pray'd—that I wou'd let the audience know it.

M

To

82 EPILOGUE TO PALMYRA.

To this—he added such *persuasive* vows,
I cou'd not,—cou'd not, for my heart refuse.

Know then—he hails you with the style of
friends,
To all—and each—his *heartly* thanks he sends;
This previous favour—he shall long revere,
And hopes you will—repeat your visits here.

By *great* examples—he hath try'd to move,
Since only *such* deserve a BRITON's love.
A BRITISH statesman—wears an honest heart,
A BRITISH foldier—acts a soldier's part!
'Tis true—some contrast—in the group you find,
But this—the failing of a virtuous mind!
Who *glows* not, to behold such worth excel?
What pain, to think that ev'n ZENOBIA fell?

Ye *critics*!—skilful in dramatic laws,
To you we trust the issue—trust the cause.
Here let LONGINUS all your thoughts engage!
The noblest—wisest critic of his age!
Like him—impartial in the weighty trust,
Proceed with candour—and be *firmly* just:
With equal warmth—your final sentence give,
Nor aught condemn—but what's not fit to live.

Thus

Thus much our bard—who (apart be't said)
 Hath little else than nature—in his head!
 On the *beau monde*, has look'd with narrow sight,
 And is—at best—but *awkwardly* polite!
 To help him out—and for his *promise* sake,
 Let *me*, one humble intercession make.
 Ye brilliant ladies—whom I pleas'd survey,
 Deign *your* acceptance of this infant play.
 And—with submission to your judgements due,
 Kind—gentle—*men*!—I *ask* the same from you,
 So small a boon—to one so *soft* as I,
 You cannot—must not—*will* not sure deny.

AMUSEMENT.

WELL, RANGER, do'st thou still despise
 The man that labours to be wise?
 Long hast thou held it for a rule,
 Who plagues himself is next a fool!
 Who tread on thorns to gather *may*,
 Too dearly for their *garlands* pay!
 Concluding, that mysterious knowledge
 Shou'd be confin'd to church or college,

Thou laugh'st whilst I in volumes pore,
 And pleas'd unlock the muses' store;

Better

Better, thou swear'st, to roar and drink,
 Than chant with bards, or drily think ;
 Art much amaz'd how I can find
 A pleasure *that* which chains the mind !
 Sit down, and let thy notion cease
 Till I have spoke ; then walk in peace.

All who partake of mortal care,
 Some fit amusements ought to share ;
 Some relaxation, that may give
 The bosom ease, or who could live ?
 Who cou'd the many shocks endure,
 Which busy public-life makes sure ?
 Most prudent they, who time divide
 As innocence and reason guide.

It is for this, diversions range
 As fast as inclinations change.
 For this, the multitudes resort
 To join in fam'd Newmarket sport :
 There the jockies mount admir'd,
 With swiftest emulation fir'd :
 The started coursers, pant and strain,
 And sweep along the sounding plain.

For this, the cover'd pits bestow
 Those scenes, for which such *numbers* glow.

There

There *cocks*, whose clarions wak'd the morn,
 Of all their gaudy plumage shorn,
 And arm'd with death-bequeathing steel,
 The soldier's furious ardour feel :
 True Briton-like, each scorns to yield,
 But dies, or conquers on the field.

Behold, on BROUGHTON's fav'rite stage,
 The bruising-combatants engage :
 At ev'ry fall, what shouts arise,
 That tell the glad spectator's joys !
 When there the *gladiators* meet,
 With fixed eyes, and cautious feet ;
 To make *diversion* (so we read)
 They guard, they strike ; they flash, they bleed !

What crouds for entertainment draw,
 To see a *Maddocks* kick a straw :
 A nimble *Turk* ascend the wire ;
 An hardy *Powell* swallow fire :
 The *tumbler* that distortion apes ;
 The *barlequin* in all his shapes ;
 Performers who the fight command
 With nice dexterity of hand.

What charming visions move the throng,
 That melt in sweet *Italian song* ;

That

That feel the warbles as they float,
 Soft thro' the quav'ring *Eunuch's* throat;
 In *masquerades*, the freedoms reign,
 There men are *females*; females, *men*!
 There virgins may no censure fear,
 But with applause, *half-nak'd* appear.

The cards, the dice, the billiards meet,
 To make *amusement* more complete;
 Each year some new invention shines,
 Some HOYLE, or merry RICH designs;
 All learned in the needful art,
 Their best abilities impart,
 With eagerness assistance lend
 To pleasure, and the mind unbend.

Up then, blithe RANGER, *happ'ly* free;
 Go taste them *all*, unharm'd by me;
 But while such gay delights are thine,
 Let POPE, and such as POPE be mine!
 O leave my soul sublime to soar
 With *those* that nature's heights explore;
 Enrapt in their immortal flame,
 She feels a bliss no tongue can name!

87
A FRAGMENT.

WHILST in humour to be gay,

Let my fair *her* charms display;

And as hasty moments move,

Let us live, and let us love.

Each to each with warmth impart,

All the tenderness of heart;

Chearful talking, freely smiling,

Ev'ry anxious doubt beguiling.

But when prompted to be grave,

Let me no disturbance have :

Ev'ry *trifling* care remove,

Ev'ry wish of mortal love :

Let my soul enraptur'd rise,

Eager for the *nobler* joys,

Which APOLLO's fav'rites know,

While their inspirations glow.

Deep enchanted by the NINE,

Wrapt in visions all divine :

Burning with seraphic rage,

Melting o'er the *sacred* page :

Touring in the thought refin'd,

Sweet elysium of the mind :

All

All the smiles of truth enjoying,
All the force of sense employing.

Then let POPE my rapture raise,
Teach me like himself to *praise* ;
Teach me like himself to *blame* ;
Teach me like himself to aim :
Friend to *Virtue*, and her friends,
Scorning all ignoble ends ;
Still to *honesty* adhering,
Still with *temper* persevering.

1756r

YES OR NO. A SONG.

TELL me where my CHLOE wanders,
Now my heart so softly glows ;
Point me out the fair Mæanders,
Where the lovely charmer goes :
There then CUPID cease thy rancour,
All thy healing shafts supply,
Teach, O teach me how to conquer,
Or direct me how to fly.

Vain this anguish, ever sighing,
Why does *doubtful* hope remain ?

CHLOE

A SONNET.

89

CHLOR present, there's no flying,
Absent—who can bear the pain?
If advancing conquest crown me,
All my joys will be complete;
If the beauteous nymph disown me,
Smiling freedom sounds retreat.

Come then, gentle CUPID, guide me,
O'er the flow'ry-mantled way;
Let thy choicest stars betide me,
All thy eloquence display!
Tell the chaste attractive charmer,
In *suspense* no pleasures flow,
Longer let not doubts alarm her,
Let her *hail* me Yes or No.

A SONNET.

YE prudent, take care,
Wherever you are,
To keep the *reserve*,
From worth never swerve;
Let nothing alarm you,
Disarm you, or charm you,
But let all be *serene*,
With the bosom within.

N

Look

A SONNET

Look about whilst you live,
 See what riches can give,
 See what *worldlings* adore,
 Just observe, and *no more*;
 Let nothing surprise you,
 Advise you, disguise you;
 But let all be *serene*,
 With the bosom within.

The *puppy*, the *proud*,
 The *tyrant*, the *rude*,
 The *fribble*, the *vain*,
 Still hold in disdain!
 Let *such* ne'er delight you,
 Affright you, benight you;
 But let all be *serene*,
 With the bosom within.

Remain still the same,
 Amidst *censure* or *fame*,
 Amidst *plenty* or *need*,
 If you fail or succeed;
 Let nothing enrage you,
 Engage you, engage you;
 Bet let all be *serene*,
 With the bosom within.

Look

M

For

A SONNET.

21

For dangers prepare,
With hearts debonair;
For jestings and leers,
For ranings and sneers;
Let nothing reflect you,
Deject you, detect you;
But let all be *serene*,
With the bosom within.

When death shall appear,
With each doubt and each fear;
When reflection strikes home
On the judgement to come;
Nought *then* shall torment you,
Relent you, prevent you,
But all, all be *serene*,
With the bosom within.

1756

PALERMO'S WEDDING.

T WAS in the round of modern days,
 So parable, or fancy says,
 PALERMO liv'd ; supinely free,
 Yet happy as a man could be.
 He'd health, and of the golden store,
 An affluent maintenance, and more :
 Enough thro' ev'ry year to spare,
 That friends, or worth in want, might share :
 And *such* in him wou'd sometimes find,
 A free benevolence of mind.
 No pity cou'd more gen'rous flow,
 None nearer felt another's woe !
 And yet, 'tis whisper'd by the croud,
 PALERMO was excessive proud !
 He'd snuff, and form the scornful sneer,
 Where 'twas his *duty* to revere :
 Mistaken, he would oft despise
 The *moralists*, in virtue wise ;
 To *such* preferring without rule,
 The changing, *fashionable* fool ;
 Him the nice PALERMO lov'd,
 And even from his soul approv'd.

His

His palate was his dainty care,
A ruling passion center'd there;
How full in joy! what goût to range
From dish to dish, in various change.
From pleasure, he'd the best degree,
When o'er the strong-sauc'd *fritassée*;
Or when *ragouts* high-season'd came,
And *covers*, of each relish'd name;
Of fish, and flesh, and crusted paste,
High modish luxury and waste!
Then all aloof his fancy rode,
The *cook*, he thought a demi-god;
Tho' meereft *musbroom*, swept by chance
From off the very streets of *France*.
Besides, so squeamish o'er his wine,
This too *rough*, and that too *fine*.
Port, claret, Burgundy, Champagne,
Tokay, Madeira, Cape, Germaine;
Cyprus, Mountain—none of these,
Nor twenty more, at times could please.
So strange his taste, he found no cheer
In well-mixt punch, or British beer.
But come—we'll not the whole disclose,
No doubt, like others he'd his foes.
Then be it known to him who nice is,
The man had virtues, well as vices;
Enough to make him useful here,
And fit him for a brighter sphere.

His

His years had counted thirty-one,
 When first he made his wishes known
 To JASOLINDA—debonair,
 No PALLAS, nor as VENUS fair!
 And yet such charms the virgin bore,
 As ne'er had touch'd his heart before.
 He courted in the surest way,
 And finish'd ere the *fortieth* day.
 Whilst others by *professions* strove,
 His profer'd *jointure* fix'd her love;
 There the important question ran,
 And money made the raptur'd man.

His thoughts, his deeds, we might proclaim,
 But these are secrets without name;
 The merriest *wits* cou'd ne'er define,
 Or draw the nicely level'd line,
 To plumb exactly, or to prove
 If he was *epicure* in love!
 Here learned JASOLINDA knew
 Far more than all the joking crew.

Their nuptials were distinguish'd long,
 By peels of bells, and welcome song.
 The patterero's harmless noise,
 The waites, the drums, and shouts of boys!

When

PALERMO'S WEDDING.

95

When the succeeding sabbath rose,
Bedight in fashionable cloaths,
Abroad they shone as bright a pair,
As e'er had drawn the vulgar stare.
The nice-wrought vesture of the *bride*,
With all the morning's lustre vied:
The *bridegroom's* rich embroider'd ray,
Was dazling as the beam of day.
Nor less attracting were the trains
Of bridal nymphs, and bridal swains.

As thro' the streets they past along,
The chambermaids at windows throng
All idle eyes were fix'd to gaze,
All tongues to censure, or to praise.
Nay, such the wonder of the show,
'Tis said, by some who secrets know,
Who deep in mysteries are learn'd,
And see, what is by few discern'd;
That *Venus-Pandemus* was there,
With *Hymen, Hora*, *graces fair*,
And *Cupid*, conscious of his reign,
Eros, or *Anteros*—not plain.
Fugatinus—the knot who ty'd,
And he, who usher'd home the *bride*:
Chaste *virginensu* walk'd before,
The now her tender office o'er,

And

And last of all *Manturna* came,
Preserver of the nuptial flame.

At church, each curious mortal stares,
Neglecting half the text and prayers.
The clerk, to please the belle and beau,
Gives out his psalm, quite apropos!
Once the *curate's* said and done,
Away the nimble ringers run;
Each at his rope his station takes,
And all the freestone belfry shakes.

For three whole days the neighbours croud
Their dwelling,—giving joy aloud!
For three whole days the *wish* went round,
And all was sweet contentment found.

Hail happy moments! happy hours!
Whilst bliss her *cornucopia* pours;
Sweet the far'ring moon was past,
Too sweet for many more to last.

Behold, in proper season due,
A sprightly boy is brought to view.
What happen'd from this joyful time,
Remains for future prose or rhyme.

Whoever

Whoever weds, must oft rehearse,
'Twas done for better and for worse!
 Nor e'er uneasiness create,
 Or blame their stars, or blame their fate;
 But rather than repine, when over,
 Go try the leap, from *cliff* at DOVER!

1754.

The MUSE, the AUTHOR, and the PEN.

A FABLE.

TWAS on a state rejoicing day,
 When *rectors* preach, and *shopmen* play;
 When cockers to the pits resort,
 In hopes of winnings, and of sport;
 When party-zeal itself displays
 In twenty thousand foolish ways;
 A serious AUTHOR (one not bred
 To high-learn'd metaphors of head)
 From the gay crowd all-silent drew,
 To take of things a nearer view.

As seated in his peaceful room,
 His thoughts their usual flights assume;
 When hark, a *dialogue* ensues,
 Between himself, his pen, and muse;

O

Himself

Himself the strange debate began,
And thus their fabulation ran :

A U T H O R.

Accompts away—come now my **PEN**,
From *ciphers* let us turn to *men*.
A while thy kind assistance lend,
For thou art still the **MUSE**'s friend.

M U S E.

Hold, Sir ; his friendship I disown,
Henceforth to me and mine unknown :
Like the dull goose, from which he sprung,
That never soar'd, and never sung ;
Before he'd to **PARNASSUS** go,
Would puddle in the pools below ;
For oft when I attempt to rise
Beyond the ken of vulgar eyes,
He, to heavenly prospects blind,
Still sluggishly doth lag behind.

P E N.

I am not, noble **MUSE** ! to blame,
My loyalty is still the same ;
Still passive in my master's hand,
I'm always ready at command :

If

If then he will not *bold* pursue,
What is it you would have *me* do?

MUSE.

Why, leave him to his *narrow self*,
Yes leave him in pursuit of *pelf*;
Leave him to his *trade* confin'd,
Untimely careless of his mind;
And whilst the *world* directs *his* way,
Let thou and I ascend to day.

PEN.

Alas, 'tis vain for me to strive,
Unless that he will deign to drive;
Unless *his* will and hand agree,
There's nought but grov'ling views for me.
My wish is to record *your* strain,
But slaves, like me, must wish in vain.

MUSE.

Say, AUTHOR, dost thou hear this charge,
And will not set thy PEN at large?
Thou *greater* slave; to mundane toys,
Bemus'd with nonsense, and with noise;
Wilt thou for ever stubborn prove,
And keep me from the themes I love?

A FABLE.

A U T H O R.

Dear MUSE, you must o'erlook my crimes,
 I can't oppose these ruling times;
 I can't direct the public taste,
 Nor *fashion* of her power divest:
 And who would now expose a face,
 To sing at *goose* and *turkey* race?
 Besides, I live on northren shore,
 Where 'twould be hazardous to soar;
 Where, should the *merchant* print his strains,
 His friends would tremble for his brains!
 And did he once aspire at praise,
 He might *the smart* Reviewers raise.

M U S E.

But Sir, you must not mind *their* spleen,
 I'll make you please the *best* of men;
 And if you think that *this* won't do,
 Sir, you shall charm the ladies too;
 Yes charm the ladies—such as shine
 In mental beauty all divine!

A U T H O R.

Ah daring MUSE! such minds as these
 How gladly would I aim to please!
 The *good* I always shall revere,
 But then the *sneering* croud I fear;

And

And those *learn'd* folks, that monthly chuse
To *clamm* their notions in *reviews*.
Who *piddle* when a bard excels,
And *feast* on wrong-plac'd syllables.
Bold, 'neath the banner of their rules,
See *arm'd* the fierce *half-judging* fools!
These they can at will controul,
Or hush, or animate the whole!
With such an army who dares fight?
'Tis theirs to cudgel, wrong or right.

P E N.

O come, dear master, let us stray
Where the bright MUSE shall lead the way;
If any *damn*, I'll bear the blame,
If any *praise*, be yours the fame.

A U T H O R.

Yes, faithful PEN, I'm sure of thee,
When e'er my mind and thoughts agree:
But what is all a *poet's* gain,
How little worth one moment's pain?
That pleasure which the bosom feels,
How soon malicious envy kills!

I care

I care not for the founding praise
 Promulged on the *Laureate's* lays ;
 In *Virtue's* cause I'd bear a part,
 But then I want to speak my heart.

MUSE.

If so,—I SATYR recommend,
 SATYR ! fair *Virtue's* faithful friend ;
 She soon shall triumph o'er the foes,
 Arm'd with dread *truth*, who dare oppose ?
 In vain shall *Vanity* essay,
 Low conscious *Vice* shall shrink away ;
 In vain authority shall hide
 The puny mortal, swollen with pride ;
 The haughty dame, who big with birth,
 Deems herself *goddes* of the earth ;
 The brute, whose lust is all his care,
 Who ruins, and forsakes his fair ;
 The shou'd-be friend, who might preserve,
 Yet thinks his *cold advice* will serve !
 The mean oppressor, midst a town,
 The *villain*, tho' beneath a gown :
 The wretch who at *religion* spurns,
 Who cavils, and blasphemes by turns ;
 SATYR shall treat with ridicule,
 The letter'd, or unletter'd fool ;

The

The coxcomb, that such wisdom seems,
 The debauchee, that lives on dreams;
 The cobweb Fribble, empty Flash,
 All, all alike shall feel her lash.
 Come then, my bard, some trackless field explore,
 And rise where never poet rose before.

A U T H O R.

Softly my MUSE, with caution sing,
 Let modest prudence guide your wing.
 Remember, I myself am bad,
 Oft lost in Error's gloomy shade;
 And, ah, what crimson stains of sin
 May undiscover'd lurk within?
 If then in *Virtue's* cause I write,
 I only act the hypocrite.

M U S E.

If guilty, you must *feel* the smart,
 'Tis proper you should bear your part.
 SATYR admits of no disguise,
 Before *her* all your bosom lies;
 The faithful mirror she will bring,
 And *conscience* shall direct her sting.
 So rise, and make no more delay,
 While *contemplation* yields her ray.

A FABLE.

AUTHOR.

But yet I'd rather *praise* than blame,
 I'd rather god-like deeds proclaim ;
 The good and wise in virtue shone,
These I'd sing, and *these* alone.

MUSE.

Then let me *early* sing the man,
 Who steady to his glorious plan,
 In vulgar minds awakes the ray,
 That lights to everlasting day :
 Or let me raise ALPHONSO's fame,
 And crown him with a deathless name :
 Or *them*, whose honesty transcends,
 At once thy kinsfolks, and thy friends,
 Or let me chaunt DOBANNA's praise,
 DOBANNA sure demands my lays !
 The fair, in whom such worth you prove,
 Whom longer still the more you love ;
 Or leaving matter to the throng,
 Let SALLY LOWE employ my song.
 What need I mention *all* your care,
 The friends that most your bosom share ;
They the noblest thoughts inspire,
 And fill you with a *poet's* fire.

A FABLE.

105

AUTHOR.

On multitudes my bread depends,
And not, alas, on bosom friends.
What madness then 'twou'd be to write,
And run the risk of public spite?
To save me from the *crafty's* wiles,
The *proud man's* frowns, the *booby's* smiles;
I ought to quit all worldly strife,
And lead a peaceful, rural life:
Before you wander unrestrain'd;
An independence should be gain'd;
And *that* must be (from taxes clear)
Two hundred sterling-pounds a year.

MUSE.

Nay, if thou harp'st upon that strain,
To reason more is all in vain;
Within thy narrow views confin'd,
(Tho' sure for nobler flights design'd,) Thy *soul* and *I* content must be,
Till op'ning death shall set us free.
Yet if thou canst attention spare,
This MORAL in remembrance bear.

Had the first mariner, whilst yet on shore,
Recall'd the many natural dangers o'er;

P

Had

196 ON THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER.

Had he then imag'd, with a doubting mind,
 The sudden veerings of uncertain wind;
 The dreadful time when hurricanos rise
 The spouts, that rush from equinoctial skies;
 The lightnings, flashing round the polar-height,
 The ghastly horrors of a stormy night;
 The sands, the shoals, the rocks that devious lye,
 Yet undiscover'd to the pilot's eye;
These had he minded, he'd have turn'd again,
 His noble scheme relinquished with pain,
 And ne'er have sought his fortune on the main! }
 But higher views the daring *hero* led,
 And every danger as a phantom fled.

She ceas'd; no more the AUTHOR try'd,
 The passive PEN was thrown aside.

1752.

On the BIRTH of a DAUGHTER.

DARLING infant! pledge of love!
 Emblem of the blest above!
 Welcome into life's short space!
 Welcome to my fond embrace!
 More delight thy presence brings,
 Than all the show of mortal things,
 Now thy mother's complaints are o'er,
 Pain subsides, and grief's no more;

Peace

ON THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER. 167

Peace returning calms my breast ;
Love and *Nature* reign confest.

Welcome to my destin'd fate ;
Welcome to my small estate ;
This tho' humble trade confine,
Sweet contentment deigns to shine ;
Tho' constrain'd in wish to roam,
Sweet contentment gilds my home :
Here thy mother's love supplies
All that ill success denies :
None more happy *now* than me,
Rich in her, and rich in thee.

Welcome, welcome thou to part !
With thy *mother* share my heart !
O how full, how melting now,
Whilst thy innocence I view !
All that's tender, soft, and kind,
Transports grateful, thoughts refin'd,
Love, and hope, and friendship join'd !
These their extacies bestow,
These affectionately flow !

Blest am I, if fate decree,
Health and length of days for thee ;

Timely

Timely if to *truth* inclin'd,
 Virtue fway thy yielding mind!
 But than walk the vicious road,
 Blinded by prevailing mode,
 Rather than be folly's slave,
 May'st thou meet an *early* grave!
 I'll the parent's joy resign,
 Be but such good-fortune thine!

EPITAPH on Master ROBERT CLOVER

WOULD'ST thou know where CLOVER lies?

Prudent reader, stop not here;

Ah pierce in thought beyond our skies,

And seek him thro' some brighter sphere:

Truth, virtue, science; these he lov'd,

And these their *noblest* gifts had given;

In years tho' young, yet, all approv'd!

All worthy! he was call'd to *heaven!*

ON PREBENDARY SPENCE. 109
*On the arrival of the Rev. Mr. SPENCE,
Prebendary, at DURHAM.*

IS SPENCE arriv'd upon the friendly WEAR,
And will no muse proclaim his welcome there?
Why, learned DONGWORTH! do you bear so long?
Skill'd in the graces of each classic-tongue:
Why slumber ye, who in the lofty quire,
With hallalujahs make the soul aspire?
Whilst HESLETINE, by blest COCILIA taught,
Becalms the passions, and adds wing to thought.
Will none sublime the magic of your art,
"From sound to things, from fancy to the heart."
Ah! let not me, (confin'd on darker shore)
Praise but in sighing, or in vain implore.

Hail then the *critic*, who, humanely drawn,
Hath smil'd on genius at his earliest dawn!
Friend to the *nine* in ev'ry virtuous aim,
He adds new laurels to his country's fame:
With gracious smile the rustic *Poet* * own'd,
And gen'rous pleas'd his *thresher's* labour crown'd.
Now to the world bids honest BLACKLOCK vie,
Charm'd with the brightness of his mental eye.

From

* STEPHEN DUCK.

410 ON PREBENDARY SPENCE.

From cruel want, behold him *strive* to save,
And give that independence BARDS should have!
Such deeds benign attest the god-like mind,
Rising in worth, in charity refin'd!

DURHAM! what beauties round thy borders
glow!

Our happy isle no fairer spot can show;
Yet half the sweets, thy charming prospects yield,
Have long been lost, from vulgar eyes conceal'd;
Till opening *now*, thro' each delightful shade,
SPENCE comes, he fees, and all shall be display'd;
Thy sons with reason to admire be taught,
And feel the peace of solitude and thought.

Wake then, ye BARDS, (APOLLO's sons must be
Where *nature* beams in such variety!)
Invoke the *muses*, in yon ancient wood,
Along the margin of the various flood;
And whilst *enrapt* thro' peaceful walks ye stray,
Be SPENCE the theme of ev'ry grateful lay.

1750.

To Mr JOHN SPENCER, on my first
reading his manuscript Poem, entitled HERMAS;
or the ACARIAN SHEPHERDS.

WHEN first on tender sprays the buds appear,
The swain o'erjoy'd perceives the dawning
year :

O'er his glad breast what pleasing transports rise,
No more he dreads the fall of wintry skies ;
Whilst yet the cheerful weeks steal soft away,
He feels, in lively thought, the smiles of May :
But lo ! when *Autumn* crowns his early toil,
With rich increase, that loads the fertile soil :
When the full sheafs his crowded barns adorn,
And all is safe to proper shelter born ;
Then how he glows ! his raptures who can sing ?
Not all the *chorus* of the breathing spring !
Such blissful cares his sprightly thoughts employ,
He calls his neighbours to partake the joy.

So when with care I read your spotless page,
At first its beauties all my sense engage ;
Each charming line a shining train foretels,
And ev'ry thought the former thought exceeds.
Oft as your muse describes a vernal scene,
I view the flow'rets and the lively green :

Where

Where with delight she fills the festive groves,
 Me thinks I hear the warblers chaunt their loves :
 Still as you walk the fair ambrosial plains,
 Or list attentive to the grateful swains ;
 Still as your peaceful hours serenely fly,
 Pleas'd I pursue, and catch the rising joy !
 But O what extacies my soul surprise !
 What *bright* ideas of her kindred skies !
 When the *good sage* with more than mortal lore,
 Instructs his *swains* in truths unknown before,
 When *bold* he dares each impious *vice* define,
 And shew forth *virtue* in a dress-divine !
 With what solemnity of thought I tread
 The hallow'd mansions of the virtuous dead !
 There while my raptur'd soul her flight pursues,
 Forget dull commerce, and adore your muse :
 With HERVEY's thoughts I join the sacred song,
 Nor blush to rank you with immortal YOUNG,

Now, like the swain, whom bonndless bliss
 employs,
 I call *associates* to partake my joys.
 O come, ye youths ! whilst yet our youth remains,
 Let's learn to *act* as those ACARIAN SWAINS ;
 Let HERMAS teach us, ere our fate draw nigh,
 From mortal scenes to raise the mental eye :
 So shall our souls, with errors ne'er oppress'd,
 Unconconscious live, and find *eternal rest*.

On the BIRTH of a DAUGHTER.

June 24, 1758.

NOW roseate splendors o'er the lands appear,
And *June*, full blooming, crowns the rising
year;

Each curious mind the rural sweets surveys,
Glow with delight, and wonders into praise;
Yet all their charms to me no joy can yield,
Like those (sweet babe!) in thy soft looks reveal'd.
There I behold the dear affections move,
Each nameless grace of innocence and love.

Whilst on my arm thy tender form I bear,
How full my heart! and how refin'd my care!
Thy lovely *sister*, prattling on my knee,
Seems all-delighted as she points to thee;
And on yon couch the happy *mother* laid,
Joins in our transport, by her smiles display'd:
For me, no temper can my joys conceal,
I all a father's, all a lover's feel.

O may'st thou, child, in future welfare rise,
Be blest with all that wisest mortals prize;
See, and condemn, the follies of our age,
Ere yet their baits thy tender thought engage:

Q

Swift

114 BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER.

Swift, in advancing youth, thy mind improve
Injust ideas of the *Power* above :
As *reason* strengthens may'st thou *truth* defend,
And live and die fair *virtue's* faithful friend.

Such if thy soul, regard not what ensues
In point of fortune, or the world's low views.
If from my industry thou wealth receive,
Be timely prudent, nor forget to give ;
If scanty pittance but attend my care,
Lament not thou, but glad accept thy share ;
Of gracious *Heaven's* high reward secure !
This, *this* thy *glory*, be thou rich or poor !
The faith divine, no anxious doubt removes,
'Tis what our reason,—Revelation proves !

1758.

PROLOGUE *in praise of* MILITARY VIRTUE.

*Spoken at the New Theatre at Newcastle, by
Mr Younger, in the Character of a Gentleman
Volunteer; for the Benefit of Mr ROBERTSON,
of the York Company of Commediants.*

NOW—let Northumbrians catch the martial-
flame,

And greatly emulate their ancient fame :

HEROES, *triumphant*, all our thoughts engage ;

The glorious PIERCIES of each former age !

O may some spark of their congenial fire

Rouse us to *deeds*, and ev'ry breast inspire !

Shall *we* be wanting in the use of arms,

When war, thro' *Europe*, spreads her dire alarms ?

Shall *we* neglect an art the bravest prize,

Which taught the *Conquerors* of the world to rise ?

An art, by which we might *alone* oppose

Frenchmen, or *rebels*—whosoe'er the foes !

Had *this* been practis'd, when of late we saw

Accurs'd *rebellion* near our borders draw ;

When trait'rous subjects, daringly ingrate,

Aim'd the subversion of BRITANNIA's state ;

Fir'd

Fir'd by the *native* courage of our shore,
 We might have *check'd*,—if we had done no more!
 Perhaps, had rais'd the glory of our isle;
 And sav'd *immortal Cumberland* the toil!

Blest as *we* are with ev'ry joy that springs,
 From happiest freedom, and the *best* of *Kings*;
 From nature's bounties, lavishly bestow'd,
 Shall *we* be *careless* in the public good?
 Shall we to all with full desire pretend,
 Yet lose the *means*, the *knowledge* to defend?

Forbid, ye *fair*! *your* charms alone might claim
 Our best achievements in the field of fame!
 While so much beauty beams around the coast,
 Can e'er the spirit of defence be lost?
 To guard *your* safety, ev'ry *hand* shall turn,
 And ev'ry heart with *British* ardour burn,

Arm then—ye *volunteers*! arm--rouse--prepare
 To reach the *God-like Prussian's* art of war!
 The godlike *Prussian*, with resistless sway,
 To deathless glory points the arduous way!
 Firmly resolv'd—your *zealous* scheme pursue—
 Lo! *Beauty* waits to give to merit due!
Learn to strike home—be this the language long—
To arms—to arms—be every *BRITON's* song.

*The SABBATH DAY;
Or a DIALOGUE in a Country Church-yard.
The VICAR and the SQUIRE.*

S Q U I R E.

THE serious mind, by fruitful fancy born,
Dwells on the beauties of this charming
morn;
The summer fruits around the lands appear,
And nature's bounties strike us ev'ry where.
What plenty, BRITONS midst a war enjoy,
Whilst force and rapine other realms destroy!
But yet so strong, our pride or folly draws,
We must attribute to some *second* cause!
Whilst *Providence* his daily gifts displays,
Our love of public piety decays:
Our *sabbaths* now, how carelessly observ'd?
As if from reason, or from custom swerv'd.

V I C A R.

Still, worthy Sir, your sense prevents my aim,
Twas mine to *start*, and to support the theme.
The laws of worship, and the rights divine,
Are both by choice, and by profession mine.
Much it has griev'd me long to mark the ways
Of souls perverse, in these degenerate days.

No

No more the love of piety inspires,
 Each bosom glows with vain unhallow'd fires !
 The numbers just thro' decency conform,
 Alike their worship in the calm or storm,
 Dark *infidelity* renews her reign,
 'The foes of virtue have not schem'd in vain !

At this lone place, where fashions seldom range,
 My people waver, and their manners change ;
 Nor precept, nor example, can avail,
 Cold *irreligion* spreads thro' ev'ry dale.
 Mark you yon group, that by the tombs parade ?
 Their talk is foreign, or of *news* or *trade* ;
 Pass'd are the truths, which revelation brings,
 As earthly, or *imaginary* things !
 To them the Sabbath does no zeal convey,
 They slight the *moral meaning* of the day ;
 And whilst within the sacred doom detain'd,
 Thought, and attention, act as unrestrain'd.
 Nor looks, nor postures, cloudless faith display,
 Careless they list, and without fervour pray.

S Q U I R E.

This would seem nought, did you awhile remove
 To towns, and quit the solitude you love.

There

There, multitudes, who better sense might boast,
 Just hold the Sabbath as a day that's lost!
 If half a parish to the church repair,
 'Tis well—but seldom half so many there!
 See groveling numbers turn their thoughts on
 trade;

While others think it but for *feasting* made,
 See them on horseback—or in chariots roll
 From ville to ville to share the jovial bowl.
 Some to low gaming bend their pliant will;
 “To *shuffle* cards on Sundays, is not ill,
 “You may be worse employd,” these thoughtless
 cry;

How worse employ'd?—say, do the *scriptures* lie!
 If these be sacred, and our faith be right,
 How will ye weather an eternal night!

V I C A R.

O wou'd a zeal like yours inspire the *mass*,
 Soon wou'd the clouds of wilful error pass;
 Soon wou'd our glorious faith her power regain,
 And call to reason these bewilder'd men.
 If thus the wrong, *more knowing* minds pursue,
 What can, alas, the *weak instructed* do?
 If not to vice their yielding souls give way,
 Ungen'rous notions leads as far a stray.

Specious

Specious *Impostors* on their ignorance rise,
 Elude! but shew not where true wisdom lies!
 Abuse of *Sabbaths*—if thus practis'd long,
 How weak religion! and the moral song!
 Duty to God! if thus we dare neglect,
 Duty to men must find but *faint* respect.
 Strange! that with *Britons* such default shou'd be,
 Whose boast is always that they're blest and free!
 How *richly* blest, with ev'ry joy that springs
 From happiest freedom, and the best of kings!
 From nature's bounties, lavishly bestow'd,
 And *union*, which cements the public good!
 Dare bold presumption hope the bliss will last,
 If Sabbath-days are thus so *idly* past?
 Is this the truth our conscious hearts display?
This all the gratitude to HEAVEN we pay?
 Where lurks the cause! can better sense reveal,
 Say *you*, so faithful to the general weal.

S Q U I R E.

From bad examples, bad effects must flow,
This full experience teaches all to know.
 The present case, if you'll examine fair,
 You'll find disgust with inclination share!
 But on which rank of men to fix the blame,
Clergy, or *laity*,—is hard to name.

VICAR.

Who takes offence, may err with guilty thought,
 But “wo to *them* by whom th’ offence is brought.”
 Who plans a law, from whence *Disorder* springs,
 Shou’d answer for the consequence it brings!
 Who to accommodate themselves alone,
 Injure the public, let their names be known!
 Known, and abhor’d: our Country’s dangerous
 foes,
 From whose *mean* hearts the worst of evil flows.

SQUIRE.

The bell hath ceas’d—and I with joy attend
 To hear instruction from a learned friend.
 Whilst on the *Rostrum* you maintain your part,
 O strive to *touch* each disbelieving heart;
 With all your skill, this awful text display,
 Remember! *holy is the Sabbath day!*

1759.

On the DEATH of my CHILD
ISABELLA ELLEN.

LOVELY child, as BIRTH could give,
Spotless cherub! fit for HEAVEN;
Sure with angels thou must live!
Thou hadst nought to be forgiven!

I saw thee die! thy look how sweet!
'Twas fix'd serene on HEAVEN;
Vision shew'd the elysian seat,
Fair peace, and transport, given.

Early tho' thy *death* may seem,
We thy earthly parents yield;
Guardians, sacred, and supreme,
Now are thy eternal shield.

Few thy days, but vast thy gain!
Timely safe from heart-felt wo;
Sad variety of pain,
Scenes of care and vice below.

Rest, happy babe! nor be forgot
Till we the mortal breath resign;
O may we share as blest a lot!
A pure felicity like thine!

SONNET.

Written at HELMEDON ROW.

CARE and noise, from hence remove;
 Bring, O bring, the *Peace* I love;
Peace that from retirement flows,
Peace that no disturbance knows:
She fair truth can best supply,
 Teach to live, and teach to die:
 Come then, silence of the plain,
 Bring me back my *Peace* again.

Lost too long midst life's false glare,
 Scenes of pain, and scenes of care;
 Empty sneering of the proud,
 Changing caprice of the crowd;
 Loose impertinence of fools,
 False sublime, and froth of schools:
 Come, sweet silence of the plain,
 Yield me back my *Peace* again.

Birds, that warble thro' the grove,
 Sing by innocence and love;
 Where sweet mirth so calmly flows,
 Sure the breast no tumult knows!

Equal

Equal raptures mortals share,
 When reliev'd from fretful care :
 Come then, silence of the plain,
 Yield me back my *Peace* again.

Vain to seek her in the world,
 Whilst by varying notions hurl'd ;
 These but shadows, fancy frames,
 Pride, or narrow learning claims.
 'Tis from *solitude* we find,
 " This delight of human kind :"
 Come then, silence of the plain,
 Yield me back my *Peace* again.

Wealth, nor poverty confine
 Aught so perfectly divine ;
 Beggars, need with *this* no more,
 Monarch, wanting *this*, are poor ;
 Friendship droops, and love can cloy,
 Peace alone is lasting joy :
 Come then, silence of the plain,
 Yield me back my *Peace* again.

Blest my wish!—dispers'd my pains!
 Presence here the cherub deigns :

Soul awake ! thy thoughts are free,
 Sure 'tis native liberty !
 Smiles of rosy health too join,
 Where's the bliss that equals mine.
 Welcome silence of the plain,
 Thou hast brought my *Peace* again.

1759.

V E R S E S,

*To the Memory of Mr ROBERT SIMON,
 who perished in the Storm at Burlington-Bay, in
 December, 1759, on his passage from Rotterdam
 to Newcastle.*

WOLFE's glorious deeds, our public-acts
 relate,

And All lament the hero's early fate ;
 Theme of our mourning, and our just applause,
 Who fell so greatly in his country's cause :
 Yet whilst for him our griefs unitely flow,
 Each breast is subject to its private wo ;
 Sudden the dire calamity may come,
 That brings the cause of sorrow *nearer* home !

Thee, worthy SIMON ! in thy sphere approv'd,
 I mourn sincerely, as thou wert belov'd :

Call'd

Call'd by the care, commendable in trade,
 To foreign marts thy honest views were led;
 At foreign marts, with kind success arriv'd,
 Gain smil'd around, and ev'ry hope reviv'd;
 But laws of fate forbade thy wish'd return,
 And all thy profit prov'd a *watery-urn*!
 To thee no more!—The dreadful tempest drove,
 And vain the hardy, skilful seamen strove:
 Bulg'd on the rocks, the breaking vessel lay,
 And left thy life to dashing waves a prey.

Thus were the plans of sure advantage lost,
 So *near* the landing on thy native coast;
 Thy WIFE too waiting, welcome joy to give,
 And every hour expecting to receive.
 Friends may lament, and just concern reveal,
 But slight their pain to what the fair must feel.

Let All who knew thy kind, thy gen'rous heart,
 As each experienc'd, tell the grateful part.
 For me, to what the *many* more may own,
 My tongue shall speak what oft my heart has
 known;
 This verse decalre, while tender tears descend,
 Thy death has rob'd me of a *faithful friend*!

Zealous

Zealous to serve whene'er occasion came,
 With brow consenting, and with Will the same;
 Such frankness still thro' all thy words display'd,
 No sign of grudge, or meaning to upbraid;
 If power was wanting, such the manners us'd,
 Thou mad'st it pleasure ev'n to be refus'd!
 Adieu! my soul shall long thy loss repine;
 'Tis rare to meet sincerity like thine.

1759.

*On Earl FERRERS: who was executed at
 London, for the Murder of his Steward.*

LO! with what *firmness* guilty TAMWORTH
 died!

Say whence the cause? from what degree of
 pride?

Whate'er his wickedness, or follies past,
 This truth remains,—the man was *great* at last.

1760.

HELMEDON.

To Mr JOHN SPENCER, at Newcastle.

TELL me, my SPENCER, whence I find
 This calm felicity of mind ;
 Whilst here at HELMEDON I stay,
 And lonely pass the lengthen'd day ?
 'Tis what no language can define,
 Nor fancy paint, not even thine !
 The soul such happy temper knows,
 Each moment more delightful grows ;
 And mark, my friend, the perfect frame,
 Twelve summers it has prov'd the same.

Whence can it flow ? no Wonders here,
 Nor Art nor Elegance appear :
 No costly Domes the taste engage,
 No finish'd STUDLEYS of the age :
 No Views that *Painters* grand wou'd name,
 No Works that help the rich to fame :
 No guiled Obelisks on high,
 To strike the distant Traveller's eye.
 Here none of these my notice raise,
 Yet scenes that I must ever praise :

I've

I've clomb fair RICHMOND's flow'ry hill;
 And thence beheld each beauteous vale;
 In royal Hampton's maze have been;
 At Greenwich-park, midst walks serene:
 Those sweet retreats, and many more,
 That deck the silver Thames's shore.
 Where Cam too winds his gentle wave,
 I've walk'd delighted, still, and grave:
 But yet, nor Richmond's flow'ry hill,
 Nor Kew, nor all the beauteous vale;
 Nor royal Hampton's grand abode,
 Nor all that Greenwich can afford;
 Nor any place on Thames's shores,
 Or what the eye on Cam explores;
 Could e'er my fancy entertain,
 Like scenes on this delightful plain.

I see your mirth!—you notions blame,
 Or taste, or caprice, all the same:
 Yet laugh not now, but reasons bring,
 To shew from whence my raptures spring.

Was it from solitude alone,
 The bliss might any where be known;
 'Tis held by STOICKS, and allow'd,
 Retire we may amidst a crowd;

The soul, so absolute and free,
 Can when she will abstracted be:
 Some objects too the TYNE displays,
 That might the Muse's transport raise.
 Tho' yet the NINE no *patron* meet,
 Nor care to yield their smiles complete;
 Unwelcom'd by the folk of trade,
 They seem to happier climates fled.

Nor is it want of social joy,
 I have what envy can't destroy!
 What smiles above the *chance* of gain,
 Tho' Industry should strive in vain;
 True friendship, love, domestic-bliss;
 And chearful *hope* that grows from these.

Then other causes we must know,
 From whence such higher raptures flow.

I've try'd your patience many times,
 Perhaps with more unmeaning rhymes;
 A little longer grudge not now,
 Whilst I familiar phrase pursue;
 That if the thoughtful muse be kind,
 We may the latent causes find.

Dire

Dire sickness, and a local pain,
First brought me to this rural plain;
Despairing of chiurgic aid,
Which long had fail'd, tho' SKILL essay'd;
I left advice of rules severe,
And try'd the min'ral waters here;
And soon I found the happy hour,
For soon I felt the long-wish'd cure:
My nerves rebrac'd, new life I found,
In rosy health, with pleasure crown'd.
And when to *fix* the happy state,
I yearly to my *Bath* retreat,
The MUSE sometimes her presence deigns,
And cheers me with her artless strains.
If vext in busy-life, with cares,
With disappointments, wrongs, or fears;
By sons of folly, sons of pride,
Here all the fancied ills subside.
Each pain, each injury forgot,
Peace dawns, and brings the serious thought.
Each jarring enmity removes,
Each kind affection more improves:
Here, ev'ry friend, my soul reveres,
More worthy, and more lov'd appears;
Reflection draws in stronger line,
The virtues which their deeds define.

Here

Here too, the nobler BARDS engage
 Attention, with improving page ;
 Best leisure, inclination finds,
 To trace the views of *moral* minds.
 Firm EPICETUS, bravely wise,
 Commanding passions, conqu'ring vice :
 The darling of the *Muses'* train,
 Sweet POPE, and such true friends of men.
 From these, I learn to scorn, to prize ;
 They prove in what just honour lies ;
 What is fair happiness alone,
 Spread from the cottage to the throne.
 They *paint*, and whilst they paint, deride
 The emptiness of mortal pride ;
 From *him* that would the world command,
 To *monarchs* of more gentle hand :
 From crowns to lower ranks descend,
 From *Lords*, to where distinctions end.

From *these* I learn to know, and hate
 All frothy pride, howe'er elate ;
 Whether on fancied learning built,
 Or riches, got by chance or guilt ;
 Born by the *musbrooms* of a day,
 That strut, and flutter life away :
 As vapours that from dunghills rise,
 Lag in the air, nor reach the skies.

Men

Men puff'd with what can *nothing* mean,
Regardless of the closing scene ;
On mundane stage admir'd may be,
But now can have no praise from me !
Who live not up to *Virtue's* rules,
Act the low parts of knaves, or fools ;
Knaves, whose examples cheat mankind,
Or fools, to their *true* interest blind.

Lov'd maxims that such truths convey,
I cherish, and I wish to stay ;
In walks, or o'er my books, the same,
Some Power still fans the pleasing flame.

Now whether from sound health regain'd
Or liberty, thus unrestrain'd ;
Or that some secret magic dwells
In the lone groves, or furzy dells ;
Or that your better skill can bring
More proofs, from whence the raptures spring ?
This truth remains : I surely find
Such calm felicity of mind ;
Whilst here at HELMEDON I stay,
And lonely pass the lengthen'd day ;
As no description language knows,
Nor warmest Poet's fancy shows !

And,

And, SPENCER, may you always meet,
 This *peace*, this *happinefs*, complete.
 Be fuch, and fuch alone, your ftore,
 On earth I cannot wifh you more.

1760.

VERSES, *on the Death of his late Majesty*

KING GEORGE the Second.

MONARCHS themselves, like fubjects, born
 to die,

Yield to the folemn fummons from on high!
 No princely grandeur can the fovereign fave
 From common tribute of the mortal grave!
 Could nobleft greatness longer life beftow,
 GEORGE ftill had bleft us in his realms below;
 For BRITAIN's good difplay'd his high deferts,
 And reign'd belov'd, the monarch of our hearts!

His death! *our lofs*! let grateful Britons mourn,
 But draw with reafon round the facred urn;
 There, friends to truth, no decent rites forgo,
 But fhun the weak extravagance of woe.
 Be GEORGE's deeds the theme of ev'ry tongue,
 Be *Heaven* prais'd that he hath liv'd fo long;

Liv'd

RING GEORGE THE SECOND. 135

Liv'd to convince the world, no regal power,
 Like active *Virtue*, can the heart secure,
 The pomp, and state, that vast dominion brings,
 Without fair *Virtue*, vain unmeaning things !
 His soul the heavenly attribute attain'd,
 By *this* he conquer'd, for by *this* he reign'd.
 His justice, mercy, pure religion, shone,
These the supporters of his earthly throne ;
 And *these* have crown'd him with immortal fame,
 With all that patriots wish, or heroes claim,
 Succeeding times his history shall trace,
 Glorious in war, benevolent in peace !
 Still to promote his *people's* good inclin'd,
 With all his godlike majesty of mind !
 Their rights, their laws, their liberty, his trust,
 For ever gracious, and forever just !
 That people, happy whilst so *justly* sway'd,
 With *zeal* still honour'd, and with *love* obey'd,
 They mark'd him stedfast in the sacred *throne*,
 The best of princes, and an honest *man* ;
 Long will the mind on facts impartial *swell*,
 Which truth has known, and friends to truth will
 tell.

Poets, in vain, may haunt *ideal* groves,
 For flowers of speech, or what the fancy loves ;
 Such

Such wreaths in *lower* characters may please,
But fame so *finish'd* needs not arts like these.

GEORGE, like the *sun*, in native rays sublime,
Shall nobly triumph o'er the dusk of time;
Truth's *bright* simplicity attends his fate,
Acts of his own will praise him in the gate.

1760.

On the BIRTH of a SON.

A SON! a Son! the ready *matron* cries,
A Son! a Son! the vaulted roof replies.
Hail happy tidings of this chearful morn!
To me, so blest, the lovely boy is born.
How *kind* was HEAVEN in my former store!
How gracious *now* to add one blessing more!
See for the *Lamb* that so lamented dy'd,
The *seeming* loss how amply *now* supply'd!
Praise to my *God*—whose *goodness* all survey,
In what he gives, and what he takes away.
And *thou*, fond mother! partner in my joy,
Let equal warmth thy grateful heart employ.
How blest our lot, whilst *thus* we mutual prove,
The pleasing increase of parental love!

June, 1760.

VERSES to Y. Z.

SAY, what in nature is your plan,
 (So peevish and so proud a man,)
 What mean you by such pride? to raise
 On earth a monument of praise?
 How weak your thought, the thing you'll find;
 Mere froth of sense, or scheme of wind!
 True praise must from the *worthy* flow,
 All, all is false the *bad* bestow;
 And sure the *good* will never aim
 To laud a pride, their sense must blame.

Perhaps 'tis learning puffs you so?
 Such learning as your books bestow?
 In HOMER's dialect you speak,
 And bold, correct the ancient Greek,
 Skill'd too in VIRGIL's pleasing page,
 You tread, with pomp, the classic stage;
 Your thoughts on metaphysics shine,
 In language eloquently fine!

This is refinement, all agree,
 But yet should quite *consistent* be.
 Such knowledge men in vain pursue,
 Unless it brings fair wisdom too;

T

Unless

Unless it teaches truths refin'd,
 At once to bless and serve mankind?
 True knowledge spreads thro' ev'ry zone,
 Not fixt to courts, or schools alone;
 All living share in some degree,
 From YOUNG to you, from you to me.
 The labouring hind, who guides my plow,
 Believe me, is as learn'd as you;
 Some secrets knows, you ne'er can reach,
 Nor all your favourite authors teach;
 Is wise, and useful, in his sphere,
 Yes, and maintains a character;
 Which, tho' but meanly understood,
 Conduces much to public good.
 Indeed the rustic knows not why,
 Mankind are born, and live, and die;
 He sees not *Nature's* grand design,
 The gracious work of *Will-divine*!
 His humble faith on reason dwells,
 Or what kind revelation tells.
 And truly Sir, on this deep score,
 Spite of your pride, you know no more;
 The same uncertainty remains
 As gross in *Doctors* as in swains.

But hold. Perhaps you rate yourself,
 On fair estate, and growing pelf?

Possess'd

Possess'd of *these*, your fancy seems
 Transported with her airy dreams!
 Power, flat'ry, veneration rise,
 And to your soul are deities!
 Alas! fond man! they nothing yield,
 On which bright truth can safely build.
 Besides *your* pelf and fair estate,
 Are owing to *another's* fate;
 You *toil'd* not to *deserve* the gain,
 'Twas casual interest cou'd obtain!
 The drones that in the hive we view,
 How emblematic are of you?
 They share not in the toil or heat,
 Yet claim with bees the gather'd sweet!
 You know what pithy POPE has said,
 (And sure his was the clearest head)
 Honour from no condition springs,
 'Tis *acting well* the merit brings!
 Now setting all the globe aside,
 BRITAIN except—let us decide,
 Of all conditions on the isle,
 On which thou'd honour chiefly smile?
 Such honour, as the fancy draws
 From courted popular applause.
 What rank of men deserve her most,
 And may without our censure boast?

(High

(High royalty, each understands,
First claims our ready hearts and hands,)
Come, smile for once, and frank declare
Who these worthiest Britons are!

You frown at such familiar stile,
Men read so deep can seldom smile!
But, Sir, you shall your thoughts convey,
To yon extending crowded quay,
Where JACK, just landed from on board,
Struts, blest and worthy as a lord;
Yes, *worthy* Sir, for all your brow,
And shews us where bright honour's due!
To gallant *Sailors*!—*these* the men,
Who best the character maintain;
To whom we are indebted most,
When daring foes invade the coast!
Sure then's the time the test to make,
When liberty herself's at stake.
Who are they who protect us then,
Will you not own, and *praise* the men?

We many *grand* events might name,
Which prove the justness of their claim;
But one *alone* will now suffice,
That yet in fresh remembrance lies.

When

When THUROT landed, flush'd with fame,
 At *Carrickfergus*, who to blame?
 Did not our soldiers then behave
 As heroes shou'd, who scorn a slave?
 Dauntless the stout HIBERNIANS drove
 To check his pride, but vainly strove;
 Their numbers there could nought avail,
 He conquer'd, where he dar'd assail.
 But when return'd on board again,
 He met brave ELLIOT on the main,
 How soon was all that boasting o'er,
 Which spread such terror on the shore?
 Our British-seamen, sons of day!
 Tho' far out-number'd, stopt their way.
 The dreaded THUROT own'd, and died;
 His host all yield, and dropt their pride;
 Thro' distant lands the news soon spread,
 And all our apprehensions fled.

Proud Sir! the recent fact recall,
 Nor blush to own, what's own'd by all.
 You see to whom bright honour's due,
 She flies from *useless* folk like you!
 Let such alone her favours boast,
 Who love and serve their country most.
 BRITANNIA's faithful sons will own,
 And yield the just-triumphal crown!

You,

You, learned Sir, for all your fire,
May strive to climb, but can't go higher;
Whate'er you share, contented be,
You must but have it in degree.

And then in private life you'll find,
We all must act to serve mankind;
Who dares neglect, may laws evade,
But ne'er can honesty persuade;
She fees, and scorns the narrow heart,
Praise she denies, nor will have part,
She tells us, All that men attain
Without kind charity, is vain;
Without *her*, e'en the best of things,
No lasting satisfaction brings.

Return, proud man! and be sincere,
Shew us you know your mortal sphere;
Why lose yourself at such expence?
For notions give your common sense:
Recall your thoughts, you'll find it plain,
You're not more learn'd than other men,
Nor wiser, nor can happier live,
Whate'er your books or wealth may give.

My

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY. 143

My style, or wit, no doubt you'll blame,
Think as you like—to me the same;
Perhaps 'tis rude so long to dwell,
But, Sir, I love the truth!—farewell,

1761.

ELEGY *on the Death of a YOUNG LADY.*

WHENCE, my heart, this gloomy pain,
Here where sylvan beauties reign?
Why this melancholy mood,
Midst my darling solitude?
Where in season pleas'd I fly,
Charm'd with health, and peaceful joy?
Did hoary winter, or the spring,
Any rueful changes bring?
Has the dreadful tempest been
Raging thro' the woodland scene?
Sure, where'er I turn, I see
Still the sweet variety;
Hills, and dales, and fruitful fields,
Each a pleasing prospect yields;
Winding groves my steps invite,
Freedom, nature, still delight:
Gentle beams of Phœbus glow,
And the balmy fountains flow:

Woodlarks

144 ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Woodlarks, from the branchy maze,
 Pour their soft harmonious lays ;
 Woods with various notes resound,
 All seems melody around !
 Why does drooping sorrow come,
 Now to shed her deathlike gloom ?

Vain to ask, what well I know,
 Conscious love proclaims my woe !
 ANNA's blooming charms are fled !
 ANNA joins the silent dead !
 She no more with beauty's grace,
 Gilds this muse—inspiring place :
 Call'd on high, to happier sphere,
Angel now, she dwells not here !
Seraph ! glorious must thou shine,
 Virtue, innocence was thine !

Yes I lov'd, with warmth I own,
 Honour made the passion known ;
 CUPID deigning friendly part,
 Gave the tender feeling heart :
 HYMEN fair, with truth array'd,
 Woo'd the *half-consenting* maid ;
 Hope, in conscious rapture shone,
 Made the doubtful conquest won.

Yet

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY. 145

Yet success deny'd the flame,
From the FAIR objections came;
Reasons intervening rose,
Virgin life she longer chose,

From the *flame* a friendship grew,
Ever sacred! ever true!
Ah how short its transient date,
Soon destroy'd by *hasty* fate!
Years of youth, nor rising bloom,
Cou'd prevent an early tomb.

Walking thro' the pleasing shade,
Oft in tender thought I've said,
"Cruel Charmer, to deny,
When so press'd the nuptial tye."
Looks, that spoke congenial love,
Smiles, which might affection move;
These, with gentle blushes join'd,
Grac'd the speech that told her mind.
Choice unfix'd, her heart was free,
Long she wou'd a vestal be;
Long the hallow'd torch might stay,
If to light *her* bridal day!
"But with us let *friendship* glow,
Warm as kindred bosoms know."

U

O Death!

146 ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

O Death! I thought thee not so near,
Dreamt not then of change severe!

Angels! guardians of the heart!
Ah, why did ye not impart
Thoughts of soft conubial care;
To one so good, so sweet, so fair?
Oh why did ye not improve
Some more *skilful* youth in love;
Who, whilst numbers nurs'd the pain,
Might not have ador'd in vain?
Happy youth! how blest to find
Union of the sweetest kind!
Conjugal affection flow,
Pure as souls on earth can know!
Brightest omens must preside,
O'er so fair, so chaste a bride.
With ANNA's love there must have been
All the joys of life serene.
These thy heart might hope to share,
These nor toils, nor time impair.

O, had DESTINY decreed,
Love's addressess to succeed;
Might we not have hop'd to see
Fairest Beauty's progeny?

Blooming

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY. 147

Blooming Babes in life ascend,
 Such as VIRTUE wou'd commend!
 Copies of the model fair,
 Each of excellence the heir;
 Bright in what the *wise* extol,
 Grace of form, and worth of soul!
Such the mirror friendship drew,
Such the charms she had in view.
 Colder Death has clos'd the scene,
 Shades of sorrow intervene;
 Sanguine wishes, early cross'd,
 All in disappointment lost.

So when ruddy morn appears,
Joy the waking trav'ler cheers;
 Downy thoughts their smiles display,
 Pleasing views, and cloudless day.
 But if shades with PHOEBUS rise,
 Darkling o'er the low'ring skies,
 Blustering winds, and dreeping rain,
 Change the flow'ry-mantled plain;
 Fainter thoughts his mind deform,
 All as gloomy as the storm.

Bright Inhabitant above!
 Know'st thou aught of mortal love?

Can'st

148 ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Can'st thou, Spirit! e'er descend,
 Conscious of an earthly friend?
 If such privilege be thine,
 Wrap me in the thought divine.

Lo what happiness I claim!
 HYMEN's sacred, lasting flame!
 LOVE another ANNA gave,
 Sweet as youthful wish wou'd have.
 Fair, and kind, the virtuous she,
 Rich in mental charms like thee!
 See our tender offspring rise,
 EMBLEMS of improving joys!
 Warm'd each heart, in blissful strain,
 Loving, and belov'd again.

Thus thou leav'st me blest by fate,
 Happy in a low estate;
 Such delight my bosom shares,
 Spite of dull perplexing cares.
 Yet, oh yet, thou once belov'd!
 Death has *flattering hopes* remov'd!
 Friendship, weeping o'er thy urn,
 Long her jewel lost shall mourn.
 O, whilst thro' the leafy grove,
 Scene of friendship, peace, and love;

By

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY. 149

By the solitary way,
 Wrapt in extacy I stray;
 Come, if then thou *canst*, attend,
 Aid a visionary friend;
 Help the glowing thoughts to soar,
 Help the soul to *doubt* no more;
 That when public Scenes confine,
 Still my heart may *feel* for thine!
 Sorrow then no more shall strive,
 Fancy still shall keep alive!
 Imag'd in the free-born breast,
 There thy memory shall rest;
 There, thy honour'd beauties stor'd,
 Be long in silent warmth ador'd.

Adieu! whom all might well commend,
 BEAUTY'S Grace! and VIRTUE'S Friend!

1762

To Mr SPENCER, on resigning his Public Office
at NEWCASTLE.

W ARM'D with the thoughts of friendship,
long refin'd
By love of wisdom and the Muses join'd.
A friendship, *sacred*, which no arts controul,
Firm in a sweet *sincerity* of soul!
The feeling heart with welcome transport glows,
And verse neglected, now spontaneous flows
To hail this day!—a day I've sigh'd to see,
The happy day, that sets my SPENCER free.

Tho' not with *honours*, or with *fortune* crown'd,
Thy deeds are noted, and thy prudence own'd:
True to thy trust, thy character remains
Unblemish'd still, and just esteem retains.
Too mean the state, thy partial lot assign'd,
Blest with a *genius* and *exalted* mind:
Yet in that state thy *honest* views excel,
Thy part was *Action*, and thou acted well.
What *nobler* praise can HIGH CONDITIONS show?
What *better* wealth from worldly honours flow?
The *scene* now dropt—the low *dramatic* o'er,
Assume *thyself*! and be perplex'd no more.

From

From cloudy cares, and busy throngs remov'd,
 Enjoy that *calm* thy bosom always lov'd.
 In Virtue's cause, thy darling theme, engage,
 And charm at once and scrutinize our age.
 O let thy Muse her former skill renew,
 And bring the pleasing *moral* page to view.
 One work like thine *entitles* more to fame,
 Than all the *sheets* of folly's sons can claim,
 When vice, and folly's low deceits are past,
 The love of virtue shall succeed at last!

O may *this* day, which so benign appears,
 Prove the blest *ÆRA* of thy happiest years!
 May lasting health defend thy rising age,
 Be long thy sojourn on the mortal stage;
 Thy eye of life, unruffled and serene,
 Thy *setting* sun, in cloudless splendor seen!
 Whether success my anxious labours crown
 With decent means, to lay those labours down;
 Or *Want* shall still her gloomy fears display,
 And *trade* engross me to my latest day;
 Know thou—whate'er the righteous Fates intend,
This heart shall prove me SPENCER's faithful Friend.

THOUGHTS *on my* BIRTH-DAY.

YOU ask, dear Friend, what years of age are mine?

Three times three I own, and three times nine;
And when the dawn again illumines our shore,
'Twill mark my register a twelvemonth more.

Thus stands the date—thus fleeting life I share,
Too *young* in wisdom, yet too *old* in care!

Contracted page of all my knowledge gain'd!

Thought, wayward thought! still wanders unre-
strain'd.

How *little* learn I of the mortal sphere?

Why born to die? or why sojourning here?

In books I pore, but turn the leaves in vain,
Doubts rise on doubts, and searching brings but
pain.

The *Learn'd* I ask, the *Learn'd* mistaken seem,
Each builds his *Bable* on some *waking* dream.

OPINION's pride directs their selfish fway,

The more they're fix'd, the more I think they stray.

In trifling still the letter'd tribes contend,

They *nothing* know, and yet to *All* pretend;

Presumptuous strive from *Nature's* plan to go,

And pass the bounds prescrib'd to souls below.

Thus

THOUGHTS ON A BIRTH DAY. 153

Thus rolls my age, midst fruitless search beguile!
Each Birth Day comes, and finds me still a *child*!

Yet lo, what cares the dread of want can raise,
That cloud the sunshine of my fairest days!
By *these*, alas! by *these* too much controul'd,
Tho' strong, I'm weak; and tho, but young, am
old.

Oft on the *sea* of life I bend the sail,
Leave the safe shore, and court each friendly gale;
Hopes, golden hopes, awhile each doubt restrain,
Intent the haven of my *wish* to gain;
Steering aloof, the various courses try,
Triumphant o'er the waves, and distant sky.
But soon as winds in adverse tempest roar,
I lee the helm, and point the nearest shore:
The mounting billows mark a dreadful way,
Rocks, sands, and shoals, a frightful scene display;
And resolution yields to wild dismay. }
If chance the horrors of the storm abate,
Reviving spirits happier thoughts create:
Invention then wou'd every effort make
To veer about, and larger offing take;
But quite embay'd, nor helm, nor sheet can guide,
Left to the *whirlpool* of the swelling tide:

154 THOUGHTS ON A BIRTH DAY.

Soon drives the *vessel* on the shelving coast,
And life is all the mariner can boast.
If you, dear friend, my sad dilemmas knew,
You'd find such allegory *vastly* true.

What then remains ? more *narrow* schemes I try;
Mix with the world, and slight the mental joy.
Gladly the *Muse* wou'd arts to please regain,
Sooth the griev'd soul, and ease the breast from
 pain ;
With soft enchantment *win* me to remove,
Charm'd by the themes more worthy of her love :
But fixt as fate, each avocation seems,
Each nobler passion lost in weak extremes :
Enslav'd—unable to embrace the light,
Need wraps fair genius in oblivious night.

1764.

VERSES *written in the* CHURCH-YARD *at*
Haltwhistle, Northumberland,

SACRED, O *Friendship!* thy immortal flame,
Years fly o'er years, and *thou* art still the same.
TIME's hoary hand, that cou'd deface this stone,
Where DAMON's oft-repeated name was known,
Yields to thy power!—Beyond all human art,
The stronger sculpture of a *feeling* heart!
In early days, I mourn'd the *stripling's* fate,
My sorrow poignant, as my loss was great.
With fair ELMISSA on the flow'ry plain,
Sād STREPHON breath'd the soft elegiac strain *.
The nymph long fled,—the pleasing skill remov'd,
Alone *Remembrance* tells how much I lov'd.
Oh let me image in the faithful mind,
All those perfections I was wont to find!
Blest tho' thou art, in some celestial sphere,
My DAMON, still thou must *inhabit* here;
Here in *this* heart, o'er which my hands are laid,
That hath such frequent *lasting* tribute paid;
Nor cares, nor age, the grateful warmth destroy,
The *man* approving what so charm'd the *boy*.

Yes—

* Alluding to the Pastoral Elegy, STREPHON and
ELMISSA.—(See page 7 of this Vol.)

156 VERSES WRITTEN IN A CHURCH YARD.

Yes—let me *draw* thy memorable truth,
The *manly* honour which so grac'd thy youth :
Designs so honest, with a hope so free,
Too early lost!—lost to the poor and Me.

Chance, which hath led me to thy humble grave,
Prepares a *change* my fancy long'd to have.
Drawn by the sweetness of the lengthen'd day,
O'er rising fields, and mossy wilds I stray :
My flocks, and herds, with silent pace to tend,
And from anxieties a while unbend.
The luck be mine, whilst here acquaintance grow,
To find the love of social virtue flow ;
To find—dispers'd around yon northern TYNE,
Men blest with hearts, with souls upright as thine :
Like thee, disdaining ev'ry meaner aim,
Founding on *equity* their future fame!

1767.

EPIGRAM on the DEATH of
CHURCHILL.

AS VIRTUE and SATYR were walking along,
Each musing on CHURCHILL, and charm'd
with his song;

Pert Vice, and gay Folly, by chance cross'd their
way,

And ask'd if they'd heard the great news of the
day?

Of What? said each goddess—the gipsies reply'd,
“Your *champion* hath laid his keen weapons aside,
And now all our sons—we declare to your faces,
Again shall shine forth, with their *Lords* and their
Graces.

For where is the muse, or the lash they need dread,
Since YOUNG is quite silent, and CHURCHILL
quite dead?”

MOTTO *in my* BATH HUTT, at
HELMEDON.

SACRED to *Health* and *Contemplation's* powers,
Be this lone *Hutt*, and those furrounding
bowers :

That *spring*, so cool ! salubrious balm bestow,
And softly purling, never cease to flow.

May no rude hands the *humble Bath* remove,
But *Numbers* live, its kind effects to prove !

Its kinds effects—one grateful swain shall tell,
Who early sigh'd with health and peace to dwell:
HEALTH ! long—long—lost, he here rejoic'd to
find,

And here he held his happiest peace of mind :

That *Peace* ! too oft disturb'd in *Life's* alarms,
Still blest him here with all her lenient charms.

On Sir WALTER BLACKETT,

When MAYOR of Newcastle.

'TIS right, my Muse, such men demand our
praise,

The pride—the *credit* of these modern days :
Capacious souls ! who seem with Gods to vie,
Beaming like Phœbus from a boundless sky.
With bounty blest, with bounteous *will* they give,
Thro' *them* the luckless smile, the needy live.
Happy the land where *full* estates they own,
Happy were these possess'd by *such* alone !
Happiest for BRITONS, when Those wealth com-
mand,
Who bear the generotus heart, and liberal hand.

Behold the Magistrate whom few transcend,
The private Comforter ! the public friend !
See him to office add *superior* grace,
Honour to honours ; dignity to place :
To *titles* meaning, and a worth transfer,
The princely Baronet, the Northern Star !

The MUSES's CALL.

A DIALOGUE.

AUTHOR.

I Hear thee Muse, but can'st thou *wish* to stray;
 Where friends refuse to point the dubious way?
 Whoever here, in thoughts abstracted rise,
 Must soon relinquish, nor expect the prize?
 For trade alone, each active native glows,
 Each son of learning, other pastime knows:
 All think it best to be to *earth* confin'd,
 Nor heed what passes in a *Poet's* mind.
 To moral-science, so *supinely* prone,
 Tho' blest with CLOVER, he was hardly known!
 And SPENCER's copious fancy ne'er cou'd claim
 From honours here—the smallest wreaths of fame.
 Then let me watch, kind Muse, the various tides,
 Drive with the stream, and act as *Fashion* guides.

M U S E.

Am I for ever thus to urge in vain,
 Who sate with peace, nor wou'd promote a pain?
 Your thorny care, and intervening strife,
 Spring from the poor necessities of life;

Nor

Nor can aught here the dire effects remove,
 Save *Independence*, and the *Peace* you love :
 Peace can at times her balmy bliss bestow,
 But *Independence* you may *never* know.
 Then why the *sure* uncertainty expect,
 And joy, you sometimes can acquire, neglect?
 What if the *TYNE* no inspiration yield,
 We know the walks in each delightful field;
 Where *rural sweetness* gives the grateful mood,
 And nature charms in guiltless solitude.
 Thither, at seasons, let my *CALL* invite
 To moral song, and rational delight.
 Oft have you thought, whate'er events beset,
 If blest with silence in your oak-spread cell,
 None happier breath'd! The firm reflecting mind
 Was all composure, were your muse but kind.

A U T H O R.

Yes, I have *felt* thy smile,—*confest* thy power,
 When warmly thoughtful in the serious hour.
 Twice, I essay'd to sing of *LOVE's* alarms,
 The *YOUTH's* affections, and the *VIRGIN's* charms;
 Twice disregardful of my tender age,
 I dar'd to venture on the Tragic-Stage.
 Say for what end these early labours came?
 Where the reward of promis'd wealth, or fame?

Y

The

The first *Impressions*—to the public shewn,
 Read by how few! and patroniz'd by none!
 The scenes of action,—all neglected lye,
 Unknown to GARRICK, or the Critick's eye.
 In vain did Wib——y vouchsafe his smile,
 And learned ROBERTSON correct my style:
 In vain did SPENCER alter, and commend,
 In vain the wishings of each private friend.
 Besides—how rash my efforts to prevail,
 If interest and genius both shou'd fail?
 No—honest Muse!—thy importuning cease,
 I rate no profits from such works as these:
 'Tis right to caution, not from truth to swerve,
 But bring me *money*!—or behold me starve!
 So circumstanc'd in these commercial days,
 Mine must be *woollen*, not *ideal* bays.

M U S E.

To wealth, or honours, I shall ne'er pretend,
 Nor gold I promise, nor *what* gold can send.
 If wretched avarice your wish controul,
 To some dark *Shylock* strict attach your soul;
 Mark the nice plans, from whence his plenty flows,
 Be wise in all the cunning schemer knows;
 Like him grasp *money*—if the means you see,
 But grow less honest—and no longer free:

Tool

Tool to the creature's overbearing pride,
Mean slave! whom *Knavery* can so ductile guide!
Or if some better man you'd copy fair,
Mark what the rules of lov'd MINUTIUS are!
From *small* beginnings, lo, his fortunes rise!
The *few* say prudent! and the *world* says wise!
How blest, cou'd you the like successes find,
How small the purchase!—*loss of peace of mind!*
Go try, and ev'ry latent art explore,
Try to grow rich, and be yourself no more.—
Yet, after all, if such your station here,
That *gain* must be your hope, and *want* your fear;
Pursue what needful industry commends,
And seek in throngs the necessary friends;
But still some moments of your life devote
To nobler views, and more exalted thought.
I mean to bring you—from fair REASON's throne,
The sweets of mental harmony alone!
What tho' no *wealth* reward the pleasing toil,
Feel you not heaven in APOLLO's smile?
Attend,—attend my Call! and free rehearse
Familiar dialogue in easy verse.

A U T H O R.

Bless me, how strange, how foreign to sublime
To make grave moderns speech away in rhyme.

W^h:

What think'st thou will the monthly people say,
 Who palm *Reviews*, and hawk their sense away
 Their readers too—throughout the plain and town
 Who *cannot* form a judgement of their own?
 Think, what a glorious *butt* for *such* we make,
 What *food* of grinning? brought for laughter's
 fake:

What nice addition to the hodge-podge meat,
 For those who *cook* it, and for those who *eat*?
 No view the publisher's regard to claim,
 Nought from the pack to *buy* a decent fame!
 What fate must follow such a wayward scheme!
 Sure, zealous MUSE, thy call is but a dream?

M U S E.

DRYDEN, the sweetest poet of his time,
 Hath wrote, you know, whole tragedies in rhyme;
 And POPE, the bard by you so much admir'd,
 Hath sung in rhyme what HOMER's muse inspir'd:
 Turn to each living page, each fair design,
 There see the *Graces* and the *Virtues* shine:
 Confess the praises, which to each belong,
 The lore of truth, the energy of song!
 Of more we need not tell—let *these* suffice,
 Were *they* not poets, critics, learn'd and wise?
 With *such* shall low *compilers* e'er be nam'd,
 By whom 'tis equal be you prais'd or blam'd:

Their

Their commendation poor delight can bring,
 Their frequent censures, without truth or sting.
 What tho' *your* muse can never hope to gain
 The heighth of *Pope's* or peerless *Dryden's* strain;
 Yet—in despite of folly, and of pride,
 You may *declare* on sacred VIRTUE's side
 If not profession—intervals of choice
 Bid you attend—attend to reason's voice.
 But vain *my* pleading, since you seem inclin'd
 To flight the pleasures of a musing mind;
 Better I leave you on this darken'd shore,
 And never teaze—and never *call* you more.

A U T H O R.

Nay, not so far! again I'll yield to write,
 The rather than my muse desert me quite.
 Those hours, at least, which so delightful be,
 On rural plains, I will devote to *thee*!
 If long my part, upon the mortal stage,
 Thy smiles may chear the winter night of age;
 Then too, perhaps, fair peace may guild my days,
 Charm'd with the sweets my HELMEDON displays;
 The keen anxieties of trade be o'er,
 Nor world perplex, nor want alarm me more!
 Tho' bold the thought, in such precarious view,
 Sure 'tis no *crime* to hope to find it true.

A PROLOGUE,

For the Benefit of the NEWCASTLE INFIRMARY.
GOVERNOR.

DEMURS forever, and forever still?
Whence your objection? is it want of skill?

AUTHOR.

Worn and perplex'd by everlasting care,
How shou'd this breast the Muse's rapture's share?
How can I now from earthly scenes remove,
To grasp at glory in the spheres above?
Ah no, my friend! sublimer themes destroy
Each bright idea, and each heartfelt joy:
The faculties, to meaner views confin'd,
Inactive leave the long neglected mind.

GOVERNOR.

To bid you catch the phrenzy of the times,
With fools write wills, and codicils, in rhymes;
On worth and virtue, base aspersions throw;
Thro' folly make the wretched numbers flow.
This did we ask—you might with reason blame,
And leave to *such* the visionary fame!
But better plans, and *purser* thoughts engage;
Fair CHARITY invites you to the stage!

There

There to behold her social friends unite,
Whom goodness moveth, and her charms delight.

AUTHOR.

Whatever *benefit* this night may bring,
I praise the cause, from whence such motives
spring.

Whatever genius first propos'd the plan,
I *sty'd* it christian!—and a friend to man:
Yes—from its birth—approv'd the fair design,
And *sung* the blessing to the sons of Tyne.
But now—let silence o'er each wish remain—
The warmth I *feel* no language can explain.

GOVERNOR.

But then the poor, whom kind relief hath blest,
The poor, Wou'd have *their* gratitude exprest:
Exprest to *these*, from whom the mercies flow,
Each conscious bosom wou'd its feelings show.

AUTHOR.

Urge, urge no more—the poor shall have my mite,
I will contribute to this gracious night.

[*Comes forward.*

Hail, worthy guardians! by whose bounteous toil
Misery finds rest, and anguish learns to smile.

I come

I come from those, who once oppress'd with grief,
 Are now the objects of your kind relief:
 To you, and All; who share the generous part,
 Each yields the tribute of a grateful heart.
Thousands! who late your needful aid implor'd,
 Are now again to long-lost health restor'd.
 If there be some, your goodness cou'd not save,
 At least ye smooth'd their passage to the grave;
 Blest with your care, they still on hope rely'd,
 They bore with patience, and serenely dy'd!
 Such good effects from pious acts proceed;
 This is, O friends! benevolence indeed!

The poor, alas, in every age, we find
 Have need of succour, in each various kind!
 Invading sickness, casualties, and pain,
 O'er human life still shed the deadly bane;
 No virtue guards, all ranks must subject be,
 Yet still the *poorer* in the worst degree!
 Health once impair'd, what refuge can support,
 Except compassion from the happier sort!
 From *these* benign the auspicious omens flow,
 The dawn of hope, to cheer the night of woe!
 'Tis *theirs* to stay each sad expressive sigh;
 To calm the painful breast, to raise the languish'd
 eye.
 The pleasing toil a lasting peace secures,
 And lo, my friends, this pleasing toil is—is yours!
Ye

ON CAPT. ROBERT HILTON. 169

Ye learn'd! ye wise! ye wealthy! and ye fair!
See all ambition—all perfection there:
See learning, wisdom, beauty—understood,
Are but consistent in our *doing good!*
Whatever fancy in her flights may claim,
Here blooms the laurel, and the brightest fame.

Hail benefactors, hail! in every state,
To do, as ye have done, is *truly* great!
O let us cherish to the latest day,
A charity, that can such peace convey;
A work, from whence the *poor* such blessings find,
And still *support* what was so well design'd.

1766

To the MEMORY *of the late*
CAPTAIN ROBERT HILTON.

'TIS not that nature bids the tear to flow,
'Tis not that custom calls for modes of woe
'Tis not that birth congenial tempers gave,
I come—lamenting o'er thy mouldering grave;
Such languid grief the world hath amply shewn,
The humblest *bear* it, and the proudest own.
But *mine* the passion which improves with years,
Which *smiles* on life, and all its trifling cares:

Z

Bids

170 ON MRS DOROTHY PROCTOR.

Bids the *full* heart with gen'rous warmth extend,
And mourn in *thee*, the brother and the friend,

I name not now, thy harsh untoward fate,
When honour prompted to be good and great;
How cross'd in youth, when coming fortune smil'd,
How to thy latest hour with flattering hopes
beguil'd!

No matter now!—sublimer lustres shine,
That beam for souls so great, so just as thine.
Thy memory, sacred in this feeling breast,
Shall there with CLIO's and FIDELIO's rest.
Ere long the muse, escap'd to sylvan plains,
Shall paint your virtues in her native strains.
Peace to thy shade, and to thy fame regard,
Thou soar'st at last, where *merit* meets reward.

On the DEATH of the late

Mrs PROCTOR, of CARVILLE.

HOW oft has *Fortune* shed her golden smiles
On puny *Worldlings*, lost in artful wiles;
Whose narrow schemes inferior orbs confine,
Far from the paths of eminence divine!

As

As when from dung the mirky vapours rise,
 Loiter in air, and never reach the skies :
 But when they fell to DOROTHEA's share,
Justice and *truth* their mild assent declare :
 Pure *Charity* her social warmth regain'd,
 And copious *Bounty* blessed unrestrain'd :
 Pale *Want* and *Misery* felt their pains reliev'd,
 Ev'n *Friendship*'s self more generous views conceiv'd.

Yes—PROCTOR's hand, and noble heart conjoin'd
 To prove the graces of a female's mind ;
 To prove—that *Beauty*'s but the second care,
 Meant to *adorn*, and to *engage* the fair !
 Intrinsic worth ! beyond the *world*'s controul,
 Secures that merit which can win the soul.
 Death ! thou hast added to thy triumphs here,
 Call'd virtue, honour, prudence, to thy sphere ;
 But *Time* impartial shall the trophies raise,
 Perpetuate deeds, that so deserve our praise !
 Whate'er events the fleeting hours supply,
 My muse forbids such worth thou'd ever dye.

LADY-DAY, 1771.

BETSEY and SOPHRONIA.

COME BETSEY, let us walk abroad,
 If one kind foot hath track'd the roard;
 And climbing yonder hill's slope side,
 From thence behold the floods divide:
 The learn'd in seasons us'd to say,
 Fair SPRING approach'd at LADY-DAY!
 But *now* on Lady-Day we find
 A storm of frost, and fleet, and wind:
 Around the dreary prospects shewn,
 As if stern *winter* mark'd it for his own.

How piercing cold? the snow how deep?
 The gales in hollow murmurs sweep.
 Dark mists hang o'er the vales below,
 The hills seem drest in *caps* of snow:
 The meeting clouds a *fall* portend,
 Where will the vernal tempest end!
 My BETSEY, wrap our cloaks aright,
 Nor shiver at the inclement fight;
 For *All* a mighty God displays,
 Glorious midst winter, as in summer days.

Bless me, how chang'd! the *Sun* appears,
 His beam the anxious bosom cheers!

Yes,

Yes, in one moment, how we find
 The sweet alternative of mind!
 Behold a radiance!—spread so wide!
 We now may cast our cloaks aside.
 'Tis warm—delightful! soon forgot
 Each rising fear, each chilling thought;
 The birds our easy raptures join,
 With us they *feel*, and own a hand divine.

O BETSEY! whilst in life we move,
 Let Nature's God attract our love;
 In every season, every sphere,
 We have *his* goodness to revere!
 No matter what the worldlings claim,
 The men of commerce, youths of fame—
 The courtiers, who aspire to rule,
 The vain, untaught in reason's school;
 If lasting *innocence* but shine,
 A spring *eternal* will be yours and mine.

The VERNAL SONG.

YOUNG COLIN, blith as swain cou'd be,
 Once sat him down in heartfelt glee;
 Near where distinguish'd crouds pass'd by,
 All glaring on the public-eye;

He

He tun'd his vocal reed, to play
 A welcome to the smiles of May;
 And *leering* at the shining throng,
 He meditates his VERNAL SONG.

SATYR, bedeck'd in honest pride,
 Then plac'd her by the shepherd's side,
 And bade him, ere 'twas late, beware,
 What theme he chose shou'd be his care;
 In rising fancy what his aim,
 If true ambition soar'd to fame;
 "For *Fools* and *knaves*, commix'd in throng,
 Will here attend thy VERNAL SONG.

"To pleasure *such*, lay truth aside,
 Observe the streams of *Fashion's* tide:
 Nor sing thou of fair *Virtue* here,
 Of rules, which *sage* and *wise* revere:
 Stern morals, that the will confine,
 The thoughts which lift to bliss divine;
 If *such* thy aim, the modish throng
 Will only *bifs* thy VERNAL SONG.

"Yes, o'er courts, and courtiers, cast the veil,
 Resound *Posterity* a tale;
 Tell them, we live in happy times,
 Free from knavery, and as free from crimes;

Fair

Fair LIBERTY no foe needs dread,
We've peace and plenty grown instead.
Whilst *so* thou charm'st the modish throng,
All will applaud thy VERNAL SONG.

“ If yet *success* thy wishes warm,
For once, let vice and folly charm.
Draw the *imps* in colours new,
Milky white, and azure blue.
Burlesque at HYMEN's sacred zone,
Exult on boundless love alone :
Strike *thus* the key, to gain the throng,
Or ne'er attempt thy VERNAL SONG.”

COLIN blush'd, and cry'd in haste,
I will not, SATYR, moments waste—
Not waste, on falsities like these,
No—let the hireling wailings please;
Let me remove to rural plain,
And clasp in heart sweet Truth again ;
At once *forget* the modish throng,
And *blameless* breath my VERNAL SONG.

May, 1771.

The New COLLIN and PHOEBE.

TRUE HAPPINESS walking one day on the
lawn,

Where Nature's sweet carpet by *Flora* was drawn;
Where COLLIN and PHOEBE delighted to rove,
Health and Peace both attending to heighten their
love :

Contentment, with Innocence close by her side,
The hopes and the wish of each bosom to guide.

Proud *Wealth* all at once, in a *Thunder* of state,
With equipage, servants, and crest elevate ;
Came ratling imperious along the smooth way,
In splendor outvying the beams of the day :
Nor COLLIN, nor PHOEBE, nor beauties she saw,
Blown Fashion ran formost, and *Will* was the law.

In the train was distinguish'd, delightfully crown'd,
A figure like that which in CEBES is found ;
False-learning resounding thro' clarions before,
" This—this is *True Happiness* ! mortals adore !"
But Reason's bright eye soon discover'd the shade,
And saw 'twas a *Phantom*, by wild fancy led.

Plan

Plain COLLIN and PHOEBE then stood in surprise,
 Admiring the show, but saw not the disguise;
 On *Wealth*, and her splendor, their wishes still ran,
 Their *hopes* of obtaining that moment began;
 O cou'd they but join in the glorious career,
 How blisful their lives, how distinguish'd their
 sphere!

Health and peace both then pleaded in passionate
 strain,
 Are your days not delightful on this charming
 plain?
 Contentment and innocence join'd in the theme,
 Why wou'd you relinquish us just for a dream?
 A dream—and no more—you will find it quite
 true,
 We have told it to ages, and now tell it you.

TRUE HAPPINESS here with sweet Aspect re-
 ply'd,
 From *these* shall my PHOEBE and COLLIN divide?
 Ah no! let kind fate his just law interpose;
 If drawn from *such* life they must Happiness lose:
 For know, nymphs and swains, of each various
 degree,
 In stations like *this* you can only find me.

SCOTLAND, Anno 1772.

EDINA now my stay confines,
 I see some beauties glow ;
 Her language yet no thought refines,
 But sense and fitness flow.

What England is, might Scotland be,
 Were all her sons but true ;
 Wou'd they the proper colours see,
 And really shine *True Blue*.

Wou'd *they* no more thro' climates roam,
 From bush to bush like bees ;
 But mark that excellence at home,
 Which each *Impartial* sees.

There wou'd they strive the arts to raise,
 The native soil to try ;
 Add cleanliness to sober grace,
 Her fame wou'd never die.

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MODERN DIOGENES.

EXCLAMATION.

BLESS me, ye Gods! in what strange times
I live,

When sacred virtue scarce can comfort give!
When Honesty heart-feeling pangs endures,
And sage Good-sense is lost in trifling hours;
The muses, cherish'd in great ANNA's days,
Now droop neglected, nor aspire at praise:
Fair LIBERTY, that bade our souls excel,
Just leans supine, to take her last farewell,
Religion, form'd for man's eternal good,
How much abus'd! how slightly understood!
Sweet *modesty* the blushful mask forgoes,
And ev'n benevolence can create her foes.
Who means his neighbour or his friends to serve,
Must run the risque to see his children starve;

Who

Who now wou'd wish by luck-got wealth to rule,
Must be that paradox—*A knave and fool!*
These thorny truths, our present age will own,
The next may mark, and wisely *seal* them down.

FABLE THE FIRST.

MOVE'D at the miseries of life,
Coroding cares, heart-breaking strife;
The feuds in each commercial sphere,
The sage DIOGENES let fall a tear;
Call'd for his staff at close of day,
And silent walk'd his solitary way.

Where TYNE the sweeping point o'er flows,
Which many a coasting *Pilot* knows;
Where rocks, befring'd with woods, hang o'er
The passing tides, on either shore;
He stopt him short—in thoughtful mood,
His eyes transfixed on the flood;
Till fable night came deeper on,
All noise and interruption gone.
So distant from the censuring crowd,
His voice declar'd his thoughts aloud;

When

When Echo, from each cavern round,
On wind and waves return'd the sound;
And not alone the sound they bore,
But accents, still expressing more;
With meaning, and with truth endow'd,
On which this dialogue ensu'd.

DIOGENES.

What's life without a Friend?

ECHO.

Despair!
Mere fleeting clouds, and empty air.

DIOGENES.

What's love without a friend?

ECHO.

Deceit!

Unsocial farce, and all a cheat.

DIOGENES.

The world, unprun'd by friendship's rules?

ECHO.

A wilderness of knaves and fools.

DIOGENES.

Why is this *Money* valued so?

ECHO.

Because it makes the mare to go.

DIOGENES.

What can relieve when *Duns* are cruel?

ECHO.

Money! money brings the *jewel*.

DIOGENES.

SAGES have styl'd it dross and clay!

ECHO.

No matter—money paves the way.

DIOGENES.

Say, must it gold or silver be?

ECHO.

Alike—if equal in degree.

DIOGENES.

Cann't *Paper magic* fix the prize?

ECHO.

Keep! keep your money, if you're wise.

MODERN DIOGENES.

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DIOGENES.

What if I want religion's ray?

ECHO.

Search for this *fancied* dross and clay.

DIOGENES.

Or if I want the law's defence?

ECHO.

Go bring the *golden* recompence.

DIOGENES.

Shou'd sickness call the doctor's skill?

ECHO.

Prepare the *leaf* that guilds the pill.

DIOGENES.

Sure not religion?—*strange!* exceeding!

ECHO.

Lukewarm preaching! slothful reading!

DIOGENES.

But as to law, you must be wrong?

ECHO.

Then ask the sad experienc'd throng;

Ask how *Guineas* can prevail,

Of thousands in and out of jail.

DIOGENES.

And physic too? salubrious art!

ECHO.

Give gold the *salutary* part:

The wond'rous metal can unbind

The lawyer's, Doctor's, Parson's mind!

DIOGENES.

Ye Gods! of what could I complain?

ECHO.

The present? or some future reign?

CYNIC, look whole ages o'er,

You'll find it *now* as was *before*!

DIOGENES.

Suppose we grant ALPHONSO money?

ECHO.

He'll return you milk and honey:

DIOGENES.

Yet only scarce enough to live?

ECHO.

Then he'll prove what joy to give!

DIOGENES.

The fetters which have gall'd him long,

Can money break?

ECHO.

As truth is strong.

MODERN DIOGENES.

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DIOGENES.

And durst he then the *Graces* follow?

ECHO.

As sure as HOMER did APOLLO.

DIOGENES.

Should we from TOMON take his money

ECHO.

Expect not thence or milk or honey.

DIOGENES.

But leave him still a fit supply?

ECHO.

You'll a *narrow* soul descry:

DIOGENES.

Just for a while withdraw the treasure,
And weigh by reason's equal measure?

ECHO.

A *tawny* heart you'll still surprise,
And more the wretched wretch despise.

DIOGENES.

Bless me, ye Gods! if it be so,
Compassion pity human woe!

ECHO.

Pity!—yes in times so hard,
When few petitions meet regard,

B b

DIOGENES.

But pity from the Gods descends,

ECHO.

Then, CYNIC, make those Gods your friends.

DIOGENES.

This *dress* and *clay* divide me most,
To think that VIRTUE should be lost ;
To think that friendship should decline,
Ev'n on the social banks of Tyne!

ECHO.

I tell you money must be shewn,
If Worth and Virtue you'd have known.

DIOGENES.

And shall a knave from thence be great ?

ECHO.

Yes, give him *coffers* and *estate*.

DIOGENES.

Firm patience can no longer bide,
I'll leave this faint-reflecting tide :
'Tis time, fond ECHO, now we part,
And bid adieu,—

ECHO.

With all my heart,

POET.

The Sage then left the peaceful shore,
And sought the hospitable door.

ECHO.

That is, he turn'd on *willing* feet,
And lodg'd in honest D——'s retreat.

FABLE THE SECOND.

AURORA, from the fount of day,
Brought the social hours away;
She beam'd along the azure main,
And lighted ev'ry hill and plain.
The *signal* glanc'd on Chanticleer,
Whose shrillness reach'd the SAGE's ear;
The SAGE from downy slumbers rose,
And dress'd, an early walk he chose;
Where HEBOURN-HALL so long has stood,
Close in the covert of a wood.
But ECHO, even there was found,
And still she sent him *more* than found,

DIOGENES.

If virtue cannot save, what then?

ECHO.

Gain money if you'd *live* with men.

DIOGENES.

When honesty such pangs endures !

ECHO.

Those pangs the sacred fossil cures.

DIOGENES.

Alas ! when sage good-sense is lost ?

ECHO.

Good-sense is now in *getting most*.

DIOGENES.

What get it, though we injure friends ?

ECHO.

So modern policy commends.

There are—I've heard a Being say,
 Who *eat* and *drink* their friends away ;
 Who set at nought each sacred tie,
 But hug, and *all themselves* enjoy.

DIOGENES.

And must benevolence too yield ?

ECHO.

Commanding wealth has swept the field.

DIOGENES.

Shall moral-duties then be past,
 And the kind generous heart lye waste ?

If goodness can't obtain this wealth?

ECHO.

Go study knavery—secret stealth!

DIOGENES.

If equity, and upright dealing,
Avail us not?

ECHO.

Discharge all feeling.

DIOGENES.

To what sure refuge can we draw?

ECHO.

The letter, or the *quirks* of law!

DIOGENES.

What? tread in paths we *know* are wrong,
If there be truth in *sacred* song?

ECHO.

To *sacred* song, my friend, you'll find
Not one in twenty bend their mind;
The two *great doctrines* made so plain,
They only read, to read again;
In faithful *practice* still but learners,
For all your latest *quaint* discerners.

DIOGENES.

Why did we long for days of peace?
 Her *Olives* bear not fruits like these!
 Tho' Diffipation take the lead,
 She can't o'er *all* the island spread.
 And shall her vices e'er controul
 The nobler temper of the soul?
 Is *poverty* so frightful grown?

ECHO.

Few dare the haggid spectre own;
 At *her*, integrity shall shrink,
 With half the folk who *talk* and *think*.

DIOGENES.

In *Reigns* like this, we'd best withdraw
 And seek retreat?

ECHO.

In Nature's law!

DIOGENES.

Drop—drop the subject—theme of woe!
 I knew a man—

ECHO.

JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU?

DIOGENES.

A man! that well the truth has told,

ECHO.

Not *much* observ'd by young or old.

DIOGENES.

This *honest* man hath roundly said
Some things, that prove *true honour* dead,
In these our times.—He bold asserts
We've empty heads! corrupted hearts!

ECHO.

And yet those hearts and heads succeed,
Whilst *worth* is left in want to bleed.

DIOGENES.

What can such paradox imply
In common sense?

ECHO.

Get gold, or die!

DIOGENES.

ROUSSEAU, proceeding still the same,
Declares how moderns are to blame;
He proves, to clearest demonstration,
There live, in almost every nation,

A few

A few, with *over plenty* choaking,
 Whilst thousands starve thro' want!

ECHO.

Provoking!

DIOGENES.

Ye Cods! how shall we reconcile
 Such contradiction?

ECHO.

Walk awhile.

Though not so *proud* as him of old,
 In presence of a victor bold!
 Who dar'd that conqueror's proffers shun,
 And value more the beaming sun!
 Yet *Echo* had perplex'd his thought,
 And many anxious doubtings brought.
 But stern PHILOSOPHY arose,
 And bade him spurn at virtue's foes.
 Whate'er the world, or worldings say,
 She mov'd—*Fair virtue is the way!*
 He own'd, but cou'd not then resume,
 His spirits cast too-deep a gloom.

Just as he turn'd him to be gone,
 He saw a lovely Babe trip on,

To

To meet him with her smiles and glee,
 “ The clock had struck the hour of *tea* ;”
 She lifp’d him how the breakfast waited,
 And all her little Errand prated.

Chang’d in a moment, thought was mild,
 He ran to clasp the darling child ;
 Her little tender hand he prest
 With transport, to his feeling breast.

DIOGENES.

O if sweet innocence like thine,
 Enrich my friends in life’s decline,
 Of worldly wealth they need no store,
This—this will save when storms are o’er ;
 And may such innocence improve,
 With every suffering friend I love.

E C H

He brought the Babe where Guests attended,
 And thus the second Fable ended.

FABLE THE THIRD.

THE ferious SAGE again we find
 Immers'd in deep-reflecting mind,
 Where the known *Park* extends its grounds,
 And Tyne besprinks their northern bounds.
 Acröfs, the hanging meads we spy,
 And Byker-Turret-meets the eye.

On mossy turf he sat him down,
 Whilst Phœbus vaulted to his noon;
 Still on the flood his looks were bent,
 And shew'd the brow of discontent:
 At *Others* woe his bosom burns,
 Now rage or pity move by turns.

DIOGENES.

'Tis melancholy, after all,
 To think whole families shou'd fall!
 So late at ease in affluent state,
 Cast off the taunts of rich?

ECHO.

And great!

DIOGENES.

Fond busy Echo leave me now,
To solemn silence.

ECHO.

Lost in view.

DIOGENES.

Bane as the venom of a toad,
See evil *slander* crawls abroad;
How full the frothy poison spreads,
From lawless tongues? unfurnish'd heads?
How keen her wretched votaries seem!
How perfect in the *pleasing* theme!
From he, or she, who deal in large,
To he or she who *tails* the charge.
Are such for happiness design'd,
Who thus debase the human mind?
Lyons once sick, each *Afs*, we find
Can bray before—

ECHO.

And kick behind!

The *bare* once prest, what numbers fly?
How *few* of *many* friends come nigh?
Where are those friendships, dearly bought,
By daily acts, and nightly thought?

The

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The many obligation now
Done *some* who gain?

ECHO.

In air or dew!

DIOGENES.

Who shou'd stand forth, and bold defend,
Now shrink away!

ECHO.

To serve an end!

The Cur, once lucky in the crust
Runs off amain—he knows the worst,
The Donor may be soundly bang'd,
No matter, if *himself's* not hang'd.

DIOGENES.

Benevolence o'er-cast in shade,
Ingratitude exalts her head;
Asham'd an *open* face to shew,
Thro' *others* sides she aims the blow.
Mistortue furnishes the lie,
And dooms the best of friends to die!
The *Fool* will prate, the *Miser* dream,
The *Spendthrift* smile;

ECHO.

The *Shylock* scheme!

DIOGENES.

Mark how the crowds, for grinning fake,
Each mean advantage *timely* take.
Each little artifice they lay,
Or not to *give*, or not to *pay*.
Who help'd to *cause* the overthrow,
Conjoin to keep the wretched low.
What cou'd occasion falls like these?

ECHO.

There wanted gold to save—to please!
There wanted gold in hour of need,
And this the cause why numbers bleed.

DIOGENES.

Tormenting thought! that dross and clay,
Shou'd draw e'en common sense away.

ECHO.

Of *this* we've spoke enough before,
The *Point* will vouch, and Hebourn shore,
To Genio, Philon, such as those,
Return the theme—*plain* men of prose!
What if my friend, awhile we rove,
And tracks of incoherence prove?

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DIOGENES.

No—rather quite consistent be,
Or take a final leave of me.
Whate'er events the change attend,
I'll *start* the hapless sufferer's friend!

ECHO.

Then tell the modest, kind, and grave,
Their knowledge is—to *learn to save*!
For whilst in social life combin'd,
No good on earth like *gold* they'll find!
The wise may think, the fool may dream,
Yet *wealth* commands the world's esteem!
Here let them give attention due,
Nor heed such *cynic-bards* as you.

DIOGENES.

If ever happier days return,
To bid the generous ardour burn,
Far other doctrines they shall hear
From me.

ECHO.

In Nature's hemisphere!
But warn each sufferer, soft and free!

DIOGENES.

To guard the Soul's fair liberty.

MODERN DIOGENES.

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In honest meaning *not* to yield,
Or e'er to *slander* quit the field;
Still the same DEITY implore,
And shine at length like *Theodore**.

ECHO.

Henceforth I will no longer grieve you,
But now with sober *Satyr* leave you.

DIOGENES.

Come SATYR, since it must be so,
Thro' ways of piercing truths we'll go.
Each character thou'lt draw so strong,
There needs no *energy* of song.
Since others make with us so free,
With others we as plain will be.
Paint the intermeddling elves,
Make busy bodies *feel themselves*!
Sketch the fawning, cringing slaves,
Pretending friends, designing knaves.
(Perhaps we'll touch the lawless mob,
Or *gilded* villains, who inhuman *rob*
The helpless victims of a storm,
Unmov'd by cries, or sight of loveliest form!)
Disperse the darkling hours away,
Nor hide the wily *Satan's* prey:

To

* Sir Theodore Janfon.

To Cæsar, render Cæsar's due,
 But let the Peasant have *his* too.
 Aim at equality on high,
 Nor e'er from Virtue's standard fly :
 Pray for each enemy apart,
 And bless each friend with open heart ;
 Still to honesty adhering,
 Still with temper persevering.

POET.]

He rose, and took the upland way,

ECHO.

That is—he'd nothing more to say.

1773.

The REDBREAST:
Or, AUTUMNAL SONNET.

SWEET REDBREAST! O stay,
Enchanting the day;
Nor take thy leave yet,
Tho' Phœbus shou'd set:
Whilst moments thus sweep,
Enchant me to sleep.

I'll pass the design,
Of those who combine,
To rob me in fort,
Of Life's poor support:
If *thou* but relent,
And sing me—*Content*.

Thy warbles inspire
The will and desire;
With justice in view,
To *mete* them their due:
With all that compose
The group of *my* foes.

By Nature's true plan,
In friendship with man?
D d Thou

Thou wait'st at his door,
For small little store :
Which having obtain'd,
Thy thanks are unfeign'd.

The comfort so given,
As sent thee from heaven;
Is fix'd in thy thought;
Nor will be forgot :
Ingratitude base,
With *thee* finds no place.

Tho' fair summer goes,
And winter's cold snows
Our folds shall invest :
Thy soft ruddy breast,
And innocent heart,
Will ne'er from us part.

At Window, thy post,
In rain or in frost ;
From *puffs* when secure,
Thou calm'st each sad hour :
Tho' frowning my fate,
I can hearken *elate*.

Sweet.

MISCELLANIES.

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Sweet ROBIN! O stay,
Enchanting this day;
Nor take thy leave yet,
Tho' Phœbus be set;
Whate'er may betide,
Contentment must guide,

As moments so sweep,
O *sing* me to sleep;
And ope thou my eyes,
Ere Phœbus arise:
That then we may join,
In praises divine.

1773,

SATYR and the MYSER.

An EPIGRAM.

MYSER.

OF all the Orders who divert the times,
I smile the most at those who deal in rhymes,
Your *Bards*, your *Poets*—votaries of bays,
Who nicely scan their censure and their praise.
What mighty treasure can they hope to gain?
How vain their fancies? their pursuits how vain?

They

They grasp no money—which must sure provoke,
For without *money*, all the rest's a joke.

S A T Y R.

Fool as thou art!—to heavenly reason blind,
Know'st *thou* what passes in a Poet's mind?
Know'st *thou* the raptures of a Soul on fire,
Borne by the thoughts which Gods themselves
Inspire?

Ah no!—befitted for a *Pluto's* reign,
Too soon thou'lt find thy *darling* money vain.
Poets, who dare in Virtue's cause exceed,
They shall be *rich* when thou art poor indeed.

1773.

The R E P L Y.

YOU ask, why I for ANNA write,
And pore in books by candle light?
I'll tell you—and I hope not rude,
It is by force of gratitude!
In days of *Poverty*, I find
The Fair One's charity of mind;
Of others woe, she takes apart,
And feels with sympathy of heart.

Whilst

Whilst friends, in *numbers*, fly their post,
 Her kindness ne'er a day has lost!
 And sure, if future suns must shine,
 Or modern Poets can divine,
 Her name shall live in lasting thought,
 When *Fools* and *Shylocks* are as nought.

1773.

HISTORIAN and SATYR.

HISTORIAN.

YOU know my task,—I must prepare to write,
 And fain wou'd draw with undeceiving light;
 The friends of Freedom, and her foes define,
 What's bad, stamp odious; and what's good,
 divine.

Nor virtue, nor religion disregard,
 But point their votaries each their just reward.
 Yet first, in your laconic method say,
 Why still you doubt, nor yet approve my way.

SATYR.

Yes on my life, in this diffusive reign,
 'Tis odds that HISTORY don't the truth maintain:
 That rule of equity, *divinely* taught,
 "Do as you'd be done by," pass'd as nought!

Our

Our characters so strange, so mix'd, so new,
 You'll find it hard to mark the false from true;
 With *beamless* eye, the wheat from tares explore,
 Tell which is Jove's and which the DEVIL's
 store.

1773.

An INVOCATION.

“**H**OPE! thou hast told me lies, from day
 to day,”

Some serious mortal hath been heard to say:
 But my glad voice far different strains employ;
From day to day, kind hope, thou bring'st me joy!
 Joy, still unconquer'd midst a siege of woe,
 A storm of troubles,—in this vale below:
 Thou tell'st me yet, tho' various arts combine
 To spread distress—the sun of truth shall shine!
 Thou tell'st me—*all is right*—in moral view,
 That heaven is just! the sacred writings true!

O rest me here, sweet HOPE! this heart's supply,
 “Still travel on, nor quit me when I die.”

1773.

EPIGRAM.

GOOD SENSE, and GOOD HUMOUR, not
 always together,
 Yet sometimes will meet, like the changes in
 weather.

From CHLOE's retreat, where the MUSES abide,
 Where VIRTUE and INNOCENCE always preside,
 They took their departure, new objects to try,
 And bring to TRUE BEAUTY unspeakable joy.
 Thro' GATESHEAD's long street, all delighted they
 roam,

In hopes that some Fair-One wou'd beck to her
 home;

But stars were unkind—they saw none of the sort,
 'Till at brow of the *Bank* a soft voice stopt them
 short?

A soft voice from the maid by CÆLIA taught,
 Who's fair mind at its dawning these graces had
 fraught.

'Twas *she* who invited to skreen from the weather,
 And there you will find them all happy together.

CUPID *and* BELINDA:*Or, the* HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CUPID.

TIME brings the last day—of our—seventy-
three,
Luckless year! get along—I have reckon'd with
thee.

BELINDA reflect, as the seasons thus fly,
All beauties, my fair, are just blossom'd to die :
O think that to bless, such a treasure was given,
Nor longer evade the intention of heaven :
On Hymen resolve, ere the moments run late,
And me send out *Envoy* to fix you a mate.

BELINDA.

Fond CUPID! I've told thee, and tell thee again,
My aversions are few—could'st thou find me a
swain ;
A swain, to the graces and muses inclin'd,
Then search till thou meet'st with one to my mind.

CUPID.

If sense, and politeness—addresses debonair,
With eyes that *look* wisdom, can win on the fair ;

If

If a form neither bulky, nor *spare* in extreme,
With a soul all enraptur'd when Honour's the
theme;

If *such*, lovely Charmer, your heart can engage,
To serve you, I'll travel—yes travel a stage:
I think I have found him, a man amongst men,
And mind me—a *whisper*—he is one of the *Ten*!
Yes one of the *Ten*!—sure his heart must be true?
If you will love him, I can swear he'll love you.
His fortune, I'm doubtful, is scantily shewn,
But you, happy chance! have enough of your
own.

BELINDA.

Dear CUPID! thou conquer'st—it must be con-
fess,

Until now, I ne'er felt such a warmth at my breast;
By the dawning, to-morrow, pursue thy designs,
If to ask of my age, he in prudence inclines,
My annals thou'lt number exact by these lines.
And tell him, still further, *Ænigmas* to clear,
BELINDA has wish'd him—a happy new year;
Nay more, she will teach her sweet *Linnet* to sing,
How *blest* to be wed with his *Liberty Ring*!

E e

1773

* A token of Honour worn by the Newcastle Committee.

To the MEMORY of a LADY:

Late of BRANCEPETH.

GO, blameless STELLA! to your seat on high,
Nor heed the wrong injurious treatment
here;

A righteous father will each loss supply,
And seal your title, in some happier sphere.

A title, perfect! which no laws controul!
Or which no nice civilian arts evade;
You claim by *deeds*, from purity of soul,
And hold for ever, what's so *surely* made.

Oft by yon ancient pile, where rich domains,
Fair Peace and Plenty so luxuriant spread;
I've heard your praise, told forth by grateful swains,
Your bounty *bleffing*, that vouchsaf'd them bread.

The widow, orphan, numerous paupers round,
With plaintive sighs their lamentations pour;
From *you* declaring how they welcome found
The lenient comfort, in *afflicted* hour.

Rest

Rest then, fair angel! such you sure must be,
 Who wise in life, so nobly cou'd excel;
 Remember'd warmly, by your poor, and me;
 Together thus we take the long farewell.

But lo! when Summer's roseat smiles revive,
 The woods, the parks, the fertile fields among;
 My muse, in humble *offerings*, shall strive
 To paint such merit, in sublimer song.

April 18, 1774.

The FRIENDS: *An* ELEGY.

WITH peace so lov'd, I take my silent way,
 Soft o'er the lawns, from dull commercial
 scenes;
 And *musing* pass the solitary day,
 Heedless tho' censure idly intervenes.

Fair peace from cruel interruption fled,
 And seldom would her angel-visit pay;
 I thought, alas! the heavenly charmer dead,
 So gave myself to noise and cares away.

What could I do? the friends *ador'd* were gone,
 Those friends, who wont the sigh of grief assuage;
 Add joy to joys, whene'er they lenient shone,
 And lead me patient thro' a trying age.

First,

First, in my CLIO's loss my sorrows came;
Oh had I mark'd the term prefix'd him here!
Those labours I had shun'd, which now I blame,
And sought for comfort in more certain sphere.

Sure life prolong'd! where temperance wisely rul'd,
My erring judgment unperceiving gave;
For *him*, whom lawless passions ne'er controul'd,
I thought, old age *alone* prepar'd the grave.

But mark how weak our human wisdom soars,
How weak our knowledge, and our search to gain;
How *little* what the sagest Sage explores,
Our pry into futurity how vain!

Whilst yet I counted, years, and years to come,
To share with CLIO, friendship, as in youth;
Ah me! I lose in unexpected gloom,
His humble heart, his modesty, and truth.

Borne on the wing of his immortal fire,
I've ey'd him soaring in the true sublime;
Have felt his numbers all my breast inspire,
Where seldom genius has been bold to climb.

From

From vulgar themes he bade the muse remove,
Apollo's favour'd sons preserve in view;
Aiming at trophies in superior love,
And nature, in her cloudless heights, pursue.

Farewel my CLIO! never more must I
Hope for thy *equal*, whilst my *sands* thus flow;
Some yet survive, who promis'd kind supply,
But *firminess* wanting, these are lost in show.

Acarian Shepherds with thy HERMAS live,
These will I cherish to my latest day!
These laurels which the present fails to give,
Some future ages shall thro' time convey.

Funereal honours, hardly had I paid,
When death *again* his fatal summons gave;
Casting o'er melancholy deeper shade,
And snatch'd FIDELIO to an early grave.

Yes, snatch'd him, in a moment unperceiv'd,
No helping hand, no ready friends were nigh,
No ASKEWS there, whose art might have reliev'd,
No tender nurse, to close the languish'd eye.

Next

Next to my CLIO, *he was* dear to me!
I ow'd him much, for shroud advice and care;
His honest bosom, ever frank and free,
Wou'd in my sufferings kindly help, and share.

Oh he was faithful; steady, just and true,
Integrity had mark'd him for her own;
Uprightly led him in commercial view,
And made his skill and active merit known.

CLIO, in sweet philosophy my guide,
FIDELIO, watchful o'er each temp'ral view;
Supported by a friendship thus allied,
The exulting mind no angry tempests knew.

Oft have I sung my bliss mid woodland shades,
Witness'ye harmonists that warble there;
In grateful passion told the Aonian maids,
How full my comfort in such pleasing care.

Through life, what numbers luckless seek in vain,
And deeds of kind benevolence pursue;
Yet labour fruitless *one true friend* to gain,
Whilst I was blest, O doubly blest with Two!
O grave!

O grave! what treasure hast thou drawn from me?
From me, alas, who cou'd so poorly spare,
This heart, deprest at such severe decree,
Desponds, forgetful to *resign'dly* bear.

Some wayward stars preside o'er human joys,
Friend after friend, the hand of death removes;
Successive sorrow, lessens or destroys
Whate'er the serious peaceful bosom loves!

Scarce had the moon three times her wane renew'd,
Ere to my loss another conflict came;
The king of terrors as enrag'd pursu'd,
And snatch'd my *Scipio* from pursuits of fame.

His fate as sudden as *Fidelio's* fell,
In vain surrounding pitying eyes attend;
Left was his *love*, to take her last farewell,
And I to mourn a brother and a friend!

A manly sense, a noble soul he bore,
A better heart ne'er warm'd a mortal frame;
Early in life he left his native shore,
For glory, brightning in the *Soldier's* claim.

True

True to his king, and to his country true,
With glorious *Cumberland* he shar'd the field;
Immortal honour bade him still pursue,
And future fame on *such* foundation build.

His highest boast of earthly honours gain'd,
I've heard him oft in social moments say,
It was, that under such command he join'd
The free-born conquerors of *Culloden's* day.

Fair liberty, and virtue, rous'd his thought
To every gen'rous sentiment of soul;
Nor was he once by *narrow* fortune brought,
To let aught mean the nobler views controul.

Spirit illustrious! I thy worth revere,
Hope tells me, merit will reward receive!
Tho' *promises* so long neglected here,
A surer *pledge* the well-earn'd wreaths will give.

Support me now, fair daughter of the skies,
Cælestial virtue! from dejection save;
Shew forth on high, the *great* eternal prize!
There let this heart a consolation have.

Lo!

Lo! tribulation other form assumes,
Domestic comforts with my fortune gone;
The dancing hope that industry so plumes,
How has it crost? how vainly led me on!

The mournful loss of friends was hard to bear,
But see the numbers, who forsake and fly;
Repeated favours, as the fleeting air,
Or streamlets passing unregarded by!

Thanks to the few, whose breasts unite in aid,
May *these* hereafter reach a just reward!
Where'er by fate my *wandering* steps are led,
Be *these* the objects of unfeign'd regard.

No more of injuries, or wrongs complain,
Since balmy Peace her *precious ointment* sheds;
The larks, ascending, pour the sof'ning strain,
As if inviting to yon flowery meads.

There, as of old, my CLIO's page shall bring
The consolation of a *christian* mind;
Drawn by the beauties of reviving spring,
The soul once more her sweet contentment find.

A FRAGMENT.

*Written in the Life-time of the late Rev. Doctor
Brown, Vicar of Newcastle, on the author's seeing
him publicly lampooned.*

CEASE, cease Lampooner, cease such railing,
All spurious wit, and unavailing.
Art thou a boy, or man, or woman,
Blush, blush to make such language common :
Forever, must this country be
O'er-run with *Merit's* foes like thee?
Alas, shall genius never soar,
To bless us on this wealthy shore?
Is BROWN, who can such learning boast,
Sent here to be revil'd and lost?
Distinguish'd in APOLLO's train,
Shall rudeness dare to give him pain?
His *sacred* function ought to draw
At least our reverential awe.
I praise him not in every tittle,
His ESTIMATE seems wrong a little :
His plays—but see the GRACES meet,
The Bard, and Scholar to complete!

Approv'd

Approv'd his early numbers rose,
 All own his *pure*, his *nervous* prose;
 All own the height his sense can reach,
 All own how *justly* he can preach.
 Even some who prize not truth or song,
 Have *felt* the magic of his tongue.
 O yield his talents copious sway,
 Nor let such *pearls* be thrown away.

To a GENTLEMAN,

At HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING.

NOR Ills, nor frowns of Fortune, can re-
move

My *warmth* for THOSE whom I esteem and love.

I call to thought, with fair enlivening view,

Those days of innocence I past with you;

Those happy days, which were, alas, too few.

Then lightly tripping o'er the *Green* of youth,

Unskill'd in foresight, as unlearn'd in truth;

Kindly regardful of my tender age,

You shew'd me OVID's sweet enchanting page;

You scan'd his numbers, in his flights to fame,

You prov'd his *Beauties*, and I caught the flame,

But instant call'd to be to cares alli'd,

Each soft imagination droop'd and died.

'Twas then a *Duty* to forget your lore,

And even OVID was to charm no more!

Injunction hard—yet nought cou'd quite destroy

In riper years, what so rejoic'd the boy!

The flame, tho' *under*, still some sparks retain'd,

The pleasing passion wou'd not be restrain'd!

Tho'

Tho' wanting yours, and all the *Classic*-aids,
 I dar'd associate with the *Aonian* maids;
 And many a time, tho' weak my numbers be,
 I've felt their blessings in *untold* degree!
 Then, worthy Sir, my hearty thanks receive,
 My hearty thanks I yet have left to give;
 Of *these* take large—and let my wishes rise,
 That you may taste what happiness supplies!
 On earth partake of every joy refin'd,
 And meet at last the GREAT ETERNAL MIND!

1775

On the Sign of ROBINSON CRUSOE,

In GATESHEAD.

Painted by COLLIER.

STOP, my good friend,—and cast your eyes
 around,
 Behold a **FIGURE**! rarely to be found:
 The figure of a **MAN**, in veil'd distress,
 So loosely garb'd in wild romantic dress;
 Yet *arm'd*—as if he wou'd defiance show,
 Is this the *Fancy* of the sage **DEFOE**?

It

It is the same—And now by memory led,
ROBINSON CRUSOE half the world have read,
See him *thus* wreck'd upon his desert isle,
Inur'd to patience, and inur'd to toil.
His looks, tho' chang'd, betray no weak despair,
Chearfulness, and gravity, seem blended there.
We'll not the *Painter's* happy skill define,
But mark the moral meaning of his *Sign* :
Old *Time* may have to *Revelation* brought,
Why SELKIRK suffer'd, and why DANIEL wrote.
And mark my friend, if strong report say true,
'Twas in *this* place the bold design he drew.
Gatehead, scarce known, the hardy WRITER
chose,
When sorely prest by persecuting foes ;
To teach frail mortals, as a friendly guide,
In *Providence* to trust, whate'er betide.

On passing a QUONDAM FRIEND.

BLESS me! that men shou'd so mistake the
SKIES,

As e'er to think by earthly pride to rise;
By earthly pride to reach eternal heaven,
For which from thence *proud* Satan once was
driven.

Think you, my *Quondam Friend*, those scornful
eyes

Can e'er the firmness of my soul surprize?
You see—you know—you *shun* with big parade,
Have riches all this mighty difference made?
When chearful youth, and innocence combin'd,
Then were we *equally* in heart and mind!
Genius, and talents, then were fairly try'd,
Then nought cou'd part us—neither wealth nor
pride.

But DAMON now his PYRAMUS disowns,
Merely because an *adverse Fortune* frowns!
Take care, dear *Quondam Friend*, e'er life's last
hours,

Death does not make an adverse fortune yours.

The ASSIZE SATURDAY.

HEAR you, AMICUS, what the prisoners
say?

“ This is, alas, the unwelcome *Sheriff-day*;
Like hovering night, behold impending doom,
Behold the *Judge!*—the dreaded *Judge* is come,
To call to trial—and that sentence give,
By which *condemn'd* we die, or *stigmatiz'd* we
live.”

AMICUS think, what sad, what dire despair,
What horrid conflict in each bosom there!
Trembling *suspence* anticipating woe,
Whence wounded spirits deeper wounds still
know.

What can relieve in such distracted hour?
What but the gracious mercies of *superior* power!

Yet shocking as *this* seems to human frames,
A day more dreadful our attention claims;
Predicted day! which will assur'dly come,
When *all* must wake to meet *eternal* doom.

Not

Nor Judge, nor Jury, Lords, nor Peasants free,
But all arraign'd—all call'd,—like these poor
pris'ners be.

Fortune awhile may thoughtless *fools* deceive,
And *knaves* and *villains* seem at large to live ;
Riches perchance the wish'd protection draw,
Screen'd from its *Justice* by the *Quirks* of law.
But when the trumpet sounds—the dead arise,
Where then the shifter's *tricks* to wave the *Grand*
Affize!

All equal then—distinctions hardly known,
Righteous and *unrighteous*—these alone!
Who have *done* good, to endless life will go,
Who have *done* evil, into endless woe!
From *Heaven's High Throne* the awful fiat past,
In fix'd decree—thro' all eternity must last.

Yes, these are truths, *AMICUS*, plainly told,
In *Holy Writ* the *Blindest* may behold!
Faith, hope, and charity—if these combine,
All see their duty, told by *Word-Divine*.
Who mind *this* duty, and its laws revere,
No mortal codes need wave, nor mortal *Judges*
fear.

A THOUGHT *on* POETS.

POETS, are sure the strangest mortals known,
Go where they will, each country seems their
own;

Lease, and release, behold them nicely draw,

No council feed! they *take* from Nature, law!

If TIMON's villa strike their distant view,

They seize possession, and their claims pursue.

Lands, houses, vistas, meadows, woods, and groves,

They all foreclose, where'er their judgment roves:

O'er wilds, and rivers, cast their wide survey,

And what they fancy, as their *own* convey.

Whate'er delightful in such scenes they find,

Without apology they hold—in *mind*!

And farther than the boldest PAINTERS go,

They'll *tell* you how our passions ebb and flow!

With TIMON's various character make free,

And lords, and landlords; ladies; well as he.

Tho' scarcely spoke to, seldom at their call,

The wistful, serious poet, *knows* them all;

Nor kings, nor beggars, from their search are clear,

Their curious knowledge brightens every where.

Then can we *fitly* name such mortals poor,

Who thus *seem* rich, and wiser ev'ry hour?

On the DEATH of MATTHEW SCAFE, Esq;

MAYOR of NEWCASTLE.

HARK, my good Friend! that awful, solemn
toll,

Notes to the world the *passing* of a soul!

O yes she soars, to reach unfulfill'd day,

And leaves to earth the unanimated clay.

Let us restrain the fruitless, painful sigh,

The pensive bosom, and the tearful eye,

Since thus the *first*, and thus the happiest die.

SCAFE shone in worth, and well deserv'd renown,

Long ere he wore the *magisterial* gown.

A mortal *born*, but ne'er to vice a slave;

His heart was honest, and sincerely brave:

In dealings just, in all his stations true,

No fraudulent schemes, no base designs in view!

To this *my* wreath, let others ampler lend,

Who knew the parent, husband, neighbour, friend!

Peace to his manes, and let his memory be

Long held in honour by the *poor* like me.

1774.

The WISHES.

To a LADY.

GOOD Madam! ere the year quite end,
 Admit the wishes of a friend;
 His wishes, faithful, frank, and clear,
 All prompted by regard sincere.
 May *you*, whilst seasons various flow,
 Nor grief, nor dire vexation know.
 I wish that you thro' life may find
 Cheerful serenity of mind.
 I wish your foes—if foes you have,
 Were silent, as the silent grave;
 Or leaving Error's cloudy ways,
 They'd own, and give *such* merit praise! **D**
 Long may you live to patronize
 Apollo's sons, in VIDA's art to rise.—
 I wish you still with those to be,
 Who guard our country's liberty.
 I wish your *Works* may long preside
 O'er youth's instruction, and their genius guide.
 O that CUNNINGHAM might come,
 To testify it from the tomb,
 To cause his lyric muse resound,
 The lawns, the rocks, the woods around;

How

How much in *Science* you excel,
And *this* how much I wish to tell!

Old Year's last day now leaves the plain,
To-morrow, I may wish again;
To-morrow,—let us term it *New*,
I'll wish once more, and waft each wish to *you*!

Dec. 31, 1774.

The NEW YEAR'S WISH.

To the SAME.

CALL'D by the Bells' reviving peal,
I wake, and seem new life to feel:
Fancy thinks, the merry *changes* say,
Behold the dawn of NEW YEAR'S DAY!
Misfortune *old* is past in Flight,
All vanish'd, as the shades of night.
Yes, Madam, I've the *cheerful* view,
And still preserve a *wish* for you.
May *this*, and every coming year,
Long as you walk the mortal sphere,
Bring comfort—cloudless and refin'd,
Such as best suiteth an exalted mind.
O may some peaceful, friendly star,
Avert the threatened *civil-war*;
May Britons still their rights maintain,
And foes to freedom scheme in vain;

In great events, whate'er betide,
 May prudent moderation guide.
 BRITANNIA! may thy sons long claim
 Their rights to Liberty and fame;
 Recall their ancestors of old,
Establiſh'd laws, esteem and hold:
 From year to year examples be,
 Of subjects loyal, brave and free.
 This lasting truth, may Laureats sing,
True to their country, faithful to their king!

EPIGRAM.

On an Old USURER travelling.

YES, travel on, *Rich Man*, and sure depend,
 Thou'lt reach at last thy lengthen'd journey's
 end.

If by *oppressing others*, men can rise,
 No doubt thou'lt gain a mansion in the *Skies*;
 But if the *Scripture*, or its *Priests* tell true,
 There is no resting place for such as thou.

M A X I M.

WITH FOOLS *seem* foolish, with the Wise
be wise;

In this one maxim social prudence lies

A S C E N E.

Scene, HELMEDON BATH.

The AUTHOR, *solus.*

"**T**O Virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may censure or commend."

Thus wrote great POPE, and thus sublimely said ;
But peerless POPE had *independent* bread.
Firm, and undaunted in his *free* estate,
He'd nought to dread from vengeance of the *Great*;
Nor rich, nor petty tyrants, dar'd controul
The gen'rous impulse of his mighty soul.
Corporeal ills might slack the joys of sense,
But lo! his triumph—Peace and competence !
From *these* it was he fresh resources drew,
Spurn'd knaves and fools, and publish'd what he
knew.

But I—low grovelling in a later reign,
Kind beck'ning Satyr, must forego thy strain ;
Too faint, alas, my liveliest hopes succeed,
For fools they *cannot*, knaves, they *dare not* read.

One

A SCENE.

One various volume—quite—or near imprest,
I've almost finish'd—CLOVER fills the rest.

[Enter Printer.]

PRINTER.

'Tis lucky thus to find your pen in hand,
I'm come express, with one small, slight command.
Six vacant pages, you must please to fill,
Then take your pastime—where and as you will.

AUTHOR.

Sure—honest friend—my labours must be o'er,
For this first volume?—Is there room for more?
Collected here—designs were laid aside,
Thinking my CLOVER had each want supply'd;
And then so sudden you've the warning brought,
There is no time for method or for thought.

PRINTER.

In this sweet place few moments are requir'd,
The Muses here must always be inspir'd.
On ev'ry side, what charming prospects spread!
How is the fancy quite enraptur'd led!
What rural beauties does the eye explore?
Subjects arising from exhaustless store.

AUTHOR.

From this abode, we can delighted view
 Variegated landſkapes, ever new;
 Something to cauſe imagination rove,
 Fruitful ideas of reſpect and love.
 Ample and large the field—the NINE may ſtray
 From morn to eve—from even to the day;
 And ſtill in nature certain ſweetneſs find,
 To calm the boſom, and exalt the mind:
 But without leaſure, who'd attempt a theme,
 Howe'er the fancy glow, or thoughts may teem?

PRINTER.

Yet try to draw, in bold deſcriptive art,
 Some town, or villa, you have moſt at heart;
 For towns, or villas, I obſerve abound,
 All interſpers'd in one delightful round.

AUTHOR.

Suppoſe, I ſhou'd in fair aſſemblage bring
 High SHILDON, AUCKLANDS, NEWTON, and the
Spring
 At Sylvan HUNWICK, which *perfumes*, unknown
 To crowds, whoſe health its kind effects might
 own?

H h

BIN-

BINCHESTER'S grove will next attract the view,
 And all the virtues of its owner too.
 From thence, ascending to yon rising tower,
 We mount, and look full half the county o'er;
 Forgetting not, *there* rests in earth below,
 One worthy friend, whom I had cause to know;
 To know, and love:—In the same verdant place—
 Lies DAVISON—of moral-men the grace!
 Justice he did—Whilst mazy life he trod,
 Lov'd mercy—and walk'd *humbly* with his God!
 Such was the *Benefactor*! None surpass!
 And *these* have brought him sacred peace at last.

P R I N T E R.

You pause—dear Sir! a little *calm* proceed,
 And soon I'll have the *Pages* which I need.
 Whose mansion that? the woodland park furrounds,
 And gentle WEAR glides by its northern bounds.

A U T H O R.

That castle—WHITWORTH—not unknown to
 fame,
 Long have the SH—F—s bore distinguish'd name.
 In honour'd *Line* their ancestry exceeds,
 Prais'd for their pious, charitable deeds.

Turning

Turning from hence, if we the ford pursue,
Another park and castle rise to view.

BRANCEPETH—frequented much in ancient days,
When worth and valour met reward and praise;
When hardy NEVILLES wont in arms to draw,
And ministers and tyrants kept in awe,—
Lo the calm spot, where human glory ends!
Here too I've buried dear deserving friends:
The MAN, whose wit cou'd social hours divide,
And lov'd LAVINIA, mould'ring by his side.
O for a friend!—when all *my* storms are past,
Here to bestow a peaceful grave at last.

P R I N T E R.

Again you're mov'd—dear Sir—the moments
run,
And time it is that I shou'd now begone.

A U T H O R.

What can I more? unless the vale we tread,
By inclination **more** than fancy led.
Improving WILLINGTON invites our stay,
There we might pass the longest summer-day,
In counting o'er the many past'ral scenes,
The woods, the walks, the intermingling greens:

These

These might the Muse describe in liveliest strain,
But without leasure such attempts are vain.

PRINTER.

Fair LIBERTY'S EULOGIUM would engage!

AUTHOR.

Let British ARTHUR * *Speak* it on the stage.

Exeunt.

* Alluding to that Tragedy in the Second Volume.

IL GIORNO: LA NOTTE:
T W O
POETICAL PIECES.

BY THE LATE
MASTER CLOVER.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
SOME MEMOIRS,
And an ELEGY on his DEATH.

What Stoic strange, who most precise appears,
Could that Youth's Death with tearless eyes behold?
In all perfections ripe, tho' green in years;
A hoary judgment under *Locks of Gold!*

E. of Sterline's Crasus.

IL CIGNO: LA NOTTE

TWO

POETICAL PIECES

BY THE SAME

MASTER CLOVER

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SOME MEMOIRS

AND AN ELEGY ON HIS DEATH

What fairer thing, who most I prize appear,
Could not I wish's death were in my eyes behold;
In all perfection ripe, green in years;
A heavy judgment under laws of Hell!
Edw. Taylor, 1684

MEMOIRS, &c.

THERE is perhaps no reflection more agreeable, no private amusement more rational, and entertaining to the mind, than the recollecting the virtues of our deceased friends! Altho' me might justly yield to the tide of grief, that breaks in upon us at their departure, yet we must afterwards feel a secret satisfaction, in knowing how much their superior excellencies merited the regard of posterity. Upon this consideration, the memory of Master ROBERT CLOVER must be long dear to all who *rightly* knew him, and it will always be a sort of alleviating pleasure to his surviving friends, to think with what worth and talents he was endowed, and how far his own laudable application prevailed, in a life of so short a date.

HE was born at *Gateshead*, in the *County of Durham*, upon the *fifth day of December*, 1738, and was buried there upon the *fifteenth day of June*, 1757, yet in that narrow circle of time he gave proofs of an extraordinary genius. He acquired not only a nice judgment, but also an admirable skill, in Music; his performance in that delightful art having been frequently approved,

proved, and applauded, by one of the *first masters* * in the profession. He made great advances in the art of DRAWING, PORTRAIT, LANDSCAPE, MINIATURE, and other branches of PAINTING, as may be discerned in several of his pieces preserved by his friends; and this he did by the dint of study and application, without the help of teachers. He had a refined taste for the beauties of POESY, and made some, though late, attempts that way. Two of his pieces (designed in the manner of *Milton's L'Allegro*) are here presented to the public by the writer of these memoirs, who received the original copies from his own hands. They were written about the year 1754, when he was no more than fifteen years old; a circumstance sufficient to entitle them to the notice of the *true and candid critic*. He made considerable progress in modern LANGUAGES; in ASTRONOMY, and in the MATHEMATICS. In a word, he was, perhaps, the most universal genius this part of England could ever boast. His knowledge was far above the *superficial* kind, for he was capable of becoming the MUSICIAN, LIMNER, PAINTER, POET, MATHEMATICIAN, and CLASSICAL-SCHOLAR; and had he lived, and been regularly

Mr Charles Avison.

ly initiated into any of *these*, All who really knew him, may affirm, that he would have shone with advantage. Every hour of his time he turned to something useful! None of his moments were lost in the vain pursuits which too often intoxicate the multitude of our youth. He was superior to every venal temptation! He was wise even in his childhood! His indefatigable labour to attain the knowledge he thirsted after, will appear the greater, when we consider that he was born, and lived, in a place where genius has no patron, and but very few *just admirers*. Happy youth! notwithstanding this gloomy situation, he gave *such* proofs of his amazing capacity.

YET, his being possessed of such excellent talents, makes but the less amiable part of his character. He had the nobler accomplishment, and the purer satisfaction of a mind perfect in the love of innocence, and religion, and the whole bent of his actions were conformable to their rules! This will also appear the more extraordinary, should it be hereafter remembered, that he lived in times when the moral part of education is too slightly inculcated, and when youth is ever in danger of being undone by

shameful examples : For though it may have been too positively asserted, that the corruption of manners is, in this our age, become absolutely general, amongst all ranks and degrees of men, yet a small discernment may convince every impartial enquirer, how nearly we are approaching to some such disagreeable criterion. We see daily the perpetrators of the most gross follies, of the meanest, and hitherto most scandalous, vices, countenanced by some, whose characters bear a much different respect in the world. The common rake, the debauchee, the contemner of religion and order, can all find friends, and familiar associates, among better men. If then, alas ! the admirers, the followers of virtue and religion, so far demean themselves, as in appearance to become the countenancers, or screeners, of vice and folly, may we not foresee many unhappy and dangerous consequences, must follow such inconsistent weakness ? and how great must be the fortitude of the young mind, that is proof against the contagious temptation ? Yet such was the prudent youth of whom I am writing, his early wisdom shewed him the fatality of such misconduct, and he had the courage of soul to condemn, and avoid it.

He

He always approved himself a dutiful, and most affectionate son. Every relation had reason to love, and esteem him. Every friend, to whom he opened his heart, justly admired him; and the most slight acquaintance had ever something to give in his praise. Thus, though he died so young, we discovered in him the rising virtues of an honest and good man. O were but the major-part of our youth so ripe for glory, happy would it be for their country. We should have less complainings in our streets, and the growing generation less cause to dread the refined policy of any foreign foe. Those young gentlemen who had an opportunity of profiting by his example, will do well to bear his virtues in lasting remembrance, and strive to equal them. Few, indeed, must expect to attain such universal knowledge, at an age like his; yet all of them will find it in their power to become virtuous, honest, and useful men, notwithstanding the derision of fools; whether it be the brutish ridicule of the vain, or the low unmannered sneer of the proud! Such cannot hinder them from being friends to society, to their country, and consequently to themselves.

His form was of a delicate cast; inclining to be tall; of a very fair complexion, a sweet countenance; his eyes blue, and his hair a palish red, to which colour my motto alludes.

It is through an habitual reverence, and veneration, for those nobler excellencies of the GREAT and GOOD, in general, as well as the dictates of a private friendship for *Master Clover*, that I have been induced to distinguish his name and character; and sorry I am, that it was not in my power to do more ample justice to the memory of one who so highly merited the regard of posterity! For the authenticity of what is here advanced, I refer the stranger to all who were intimately acquainted with his genius, and worth; more especially to his worthy friend and benefactor, ROBERT INMAN, Esq; of Sunderland; of whose munificent kindness towards him, I have heard frequent and honourable mention. To that gentleman, and his other intimate acquaintances, these MEMOIRS, and the ELEGY on his death, are *particularly* addressed.

1758

WILLIAM HILTON.

IL GIORNO*.

THIRSTIS! why will ye lose
 That precious part of day, the morning's
 prime,
 And foolish spend that time,
 When ev'ry balmy sweet of nature flows,
 In sleep's unmeaning joy?
 Come, rise, receive the tribute of the morn,
 Morpheus and his visions scorn,
 Resist the drowfy God, command him hence,
 Immers'd in indolence,
 And taste of pleasures that will never cloy.
 Invite Aurora to appear,
 And introduce the morning clear.
 Call her from Tithon's bed a while,
 To glad fresh nature with her smile,
 Attended by a beauteous band
 Of Nymphs, and Cupids, hand in hand;
 Not stript of all her wonted train,
 As when she met th' Æolian swain,
 But woven to the graces fair,
 With waving robes, and floating hair;
 While gentle zephirs on the wing
 Their sated cornucopiæ' bring,

And

* Day.

And sportive hours lead on before,
To shower on morn their roseate store.

Now walking in a shady grove,
Let's hear the linnets whistle love!
Supine, beneath a bushy thorn,

Let's hear the blackbird hail the morn;
Or stepping o'er the dewy lawn,
We'll view the graduating dawn.

Behold, o'er eastern skies, a glow
Sheds saffron-hues on all below;

A crimson, sprinkled far and near,
Declares the goddess-harbinger;

Dull cares and anxious fears are o'er,
Vexatious musings tease no more;

Turbid thoughts are dispossess'd,
Calm enjoyments fill the breast.

See, on each hillock's verdant brow,
Nature's broidery set to show!

When Sol unfolding æther cleaves,

When Sol the wat'ry tethis leaves,

And sprightly larks, from off the heath,

Drop the mountain far beneath,

And driving mists, as up they fly,

Present a landscape to the eye,

And duly-crowing chanticleer,

With wanton voice salutes the ear.

Now

Now wou'd you view the busy town?
 See, contending for renown,
 Crowds, who on the wav'ring state
 Of courts, and courtiers' favours, wait;
 And then an often-opening door,
 Tells you his lordship's levee-hour.
 Just at that time when nymphs polite
 Finish their fashionable night;
 With languor raise the drooping head,
 At mid-day creeping from their bed:
 Then in a rattling coach anon
 With noise and rapid speed they're gone,
 To see some lofty-pillar'd dome,
 Or elegantly-furnish'd room,
 Where, by the pencil's touch exprest,
 A lively painting warms the breast;
 Or, polish'd high by skilful hands,
 An almost-breathing statue stands.
 Meanwhile warm noon grows near his height,
 And clouds of dust obstruct our sight;
 And now the scorching fultry heat
 Drives passengers to seek retreat.
 Friend! shall not you and I do so,
 And leave to crowds their empty show?
 Yes, let us instantly remove,
 To find the sweet sequester'd grove,

Impervious

Impervious to a prying ray,
Assuming nearly night for day;
And aptly furnishing a shed
For fawns' and wood-nymphs' nimble tread.
In peaceful haunts, where all's serene,
The sporting dryads dance unseen;
Where the tall poplar and the pine,
Their boughs in lofty alchôves join;
Where various spreading flowrets grow,
Where musky-scented woodbines glow,
Clasping o'er th' impending walls,
Nigh where the tendril ivy crawls
Up a romantic grotto's side,
By which cool springs in eddies glide;
Till trickling down the craggy steeps,
In one the gather'd streamlet creeps;
Then serpentises thro' the meads,
And to a cleanly cottage leads,
Plac'd beneath a screening hill,
Where when the swain has eat his fill
Of hearty, rural, mid-day fare,
Does to his wonted toil repair,
Just as his mind or call requires,
Nor loitering o'er his labour tires.
Now Sol brings on the afternoon,
Hast'ning to quit these regions soon.

Amid

Amid the fragrant tilded hay,
 All's jocound laugh, and gay some play;
 Loud rural mirth inspires the ring,
 And ev'ry lass in turn must sing;
 Till lengthn'd shades proclaim the hour,
 To haste away, ere evening lour.
 All sprightly as the birds that fly,
 Knowing the sweets of Liberty,
 Marching home, the merry throng,
 Sportive chant the jovial song;
 Joy, unfetter'd, smiles around,
 Nature echoes to the sound,
 Till they've reach'd the village gate,
 When ev'ry swain must choose his mate;
 In antic steps each couple tread,
 Just as their rustic fancies lead.
 Meanwhile the aged parents stay,
 To see the hopeful offspring play,
 And often to their sons they tell,
 How once they cou'd have danc'd as well.
 But Phœbus now his blaze conceals,
 And sinks behind yon western hills;
 With glory gilds the distant cloud,
 Then leaves the home-reforming crowd.
 Thus the humble cottager,
 Heedless, thoughtless, of the stir,

Spends content his rustic life,
 Unknown to care, unknown to strife;
 Rich in bounteous nature's store,
 Expecting, nor requiring more;
 Healthy kept by labour meet,
 Temper'd up with leisure sweet.
 Come then DAY and take with you
 Praises which are only due:
 Come then DAY and these receive,
 (Sufficient praises who can give?)
 For whether gentle spring-showers smother
 On the dripping traveller's cloak,
 Or summer's unrelenting ray
 With parching heat retards his way;
 Or autumn plucks the orchard's pride,
 Or winter's nipping blasts preside;
 Present still, with courteous mein,
 With a variegated scene,
 Ravishing the wand'ring eye,
 Who thy pleasures can deny?
 None, none but melancholic-fools,
 Dull products of the Cynic-schools,
 All others, sure, sense-taught, will join
 As willing votaries at thy shrine.

L A N O T T E .

PYRRHUS, 'tis sinking day,
 Clad in a grey-spun woof, invites you forth
 To view still evening north,

As with a crimson blush, demurely gay,
 She gleams her farewell light :

Too solemn these—wou'd the empurpled bowl
 More satisfy your soul,

Join'd to nocturnal revelry and sport,
 The spawn of Bacchus' court ?

All these too find a patroness in night,
 Call then that goddess to descend,
 Who proves the wearied mortal's friend,
 Who an unrival'd scepter sway'd,
 Before creation's bounds were laid,
 Ere light had beam'd the circling sun,
 Or ancient time his stage begun ;
 Or sea, or sky, or earth, or moon,
 Or gods or men, were seen or known,
 Invite her here : but aptly drest
 In a star-besprinkled vest,

Follow'd

* Night.

Follow'd by close-united pair,
 Lagging behind her ebon-chair;
 Somnus this, with poppies crown'd,
 Throwing leaden slumbers round,
 And Morpheus that, whom poets sing
 The lover's visionary king;
 While far behind in distant rear,
 Let troops of sitting dreams appear,
 Airy phantoms, sons of night,
 Shadowy scenes that mock the sight.

EREWHILE you saw the passing day,
 Her party-colour'd views display,
 And then beheld the evening rise,
 And crimson streak the western skies:
 Now see the night, with easy gait,
 Come gliding on in fable state,
 Sober, constant, gentle, mild,
 With no giddy views beguil'd,
 But, with a sacred solemn lower,
 Aiding contemplation's power.
 Calm and downy breaths the air,
 Not a blast offensive there
 Rudely blust'ring o'er the flood,
 Or loud and boist'rous shakes the wood;

Serene

Serene and soft the panting breeze
 That gently whispers thro' the trees,
 Fans along the od'rous sweets,
 From each flow'ry shrub it meets;
 While village clocks, with fullen knell,
 Pronounce the hour of curfew-bell.
 Now feather'd songsters seek their nest,
 And labouring hinds prepare for rest;
 The drowsy watchman roars the time,
 In answer to some neighbouring chime.
 Say you, my friend, when night comes on,
 All the delights of life are gone?
 That nature sleeps, and not a voice
 Bids nature sleeping to rejoice?
 Linnets sit mute within the bush,
 And all's a grave and formal hush?
 No blackbird trills on blossom'd thorn;
 No lark springs up as when at morn?
 Hark! and attend that rising note,
 Worth of Philomela's throat;
 Hear how the swelling numbers rise,
 Hear how the soft'ning cadence dies;
 Hear, and impartial tell,
 If day or night excel!
 What tho' ev'ry object lie
 Veil'd in dim obscurity,

And

And nought revives the watchful sight,
 Save a scant and glimm'ring light,
 Are thence the faculties confin'd?
 Or check'd the cogitative mind?
 Does that debar the ravish'd soul
 From soaring where the planets roll?
 Say rather, thence she gathers strength,
 To stretch out all creation's length;
 To view, in wond'rous courses hurl'd,
 Each small appearing star a world!
 And then to think (the sum of all)
 Who first inform'd each pendant ball!
 Now climbing up the eastern sky,
 Majestic rising on our eye,
 (Wanting but a garnish ray,
 To give this time the name of day)
 The radiant moon, with silver light,
 Throws back the curtains of the night,
 And from behind a rising ground,
 Displays her opening splendors round;
 Whilst o'er the plain I walk and view
 All things ting'd with silver hue;
 Or else the winding lane may please,
 Where gleaming thro' the leafy trees,
 She comes, dispersing light and shade
 Along the various chequer'd glade;
 Then

Then thro' a mazy alley-green,
 (Unheard, unsought-for, and unseen)
 I walk, enwrapt in solemn gloom,
 Near by some antiquated dome,
 Where diff'rent vegetables crawl
 By slow degrees the mould'ring wall;
 And many a rifted crevice drear,
 Betrays the waste of many a year.
 'Tis solemn, while the shrieking owl,
 From yonder turret, glum and dole,
 Clamours forth her omens loud
 Among the superstitious crowd.
 Hark, thro' ev'ry venerable pile,
 Thro' ev'ry unfrequented ile,
 A blast in murmurs seems to speak;
 Tremendous howls the silence break.
 'Tis sadly solemn, to behold
 Superb magnificence of old,
 Consum'd by swift encircling age,
 Subservient to each winter's rage;
 And then to think how once it shone;
 Ere time had mark'd it for his own,
 A desert haunt, forlorn and lone.
 Thus we indulge a pitying thought,
 What ruins cankering time has wrought!

Till

Till, thro' a parting clond, the moon
Again spreads forth her silver noon,
Lighting the dapper elves to play,
By forest side in twilight grey;
Whilst soft aerial music breaths,
And magic to the air bequeaths;
When sportive echo takes the sound,
And gives it to the hills around.
Nor wants the city many a joy
Which may the midnight-hour employ;
Neither to slumber does it bind
At stated times the active mind,
But shews the buskin and the mask,
And bids them each perform their task;
Instructive principles relate,
Heroic tales of heroes great,
Till, with prevailing eloquence,
Virtue commands us into sense:
Or else the sock's familiar phrase
May lash the vice of modern days,
While the pleas'd audience grin applause,
And praise the scourge their errors cause.
But if the stage deny her power
To chase away a tedious hour,
Seek we the grand illumin'd hall,
Where graceful measures lead the ball,

Till

Till black'ning midnight masks the skies,
 And bids the wand'ring ghosts arise :
 'Tis said they burst the yawning tomb,
 And thro' the dulky æther roam ;
 Not long indeed : The cock has crown'd
 And morn' some prying glances thrown,
 Their wonted signs ! away they go
 To seek again their seats below.
 Night ! so many pleasures wait,
 Attendants on thy sable state,
 Besides the sweets of soft repose
 (Sweets which ev'ry mortal knows)
 Who can deny thy firm delights,
 But those who joy in flaring fights ?
 All others, sure, sense-taught, will join
 As willing votaries at thy shrine.

Al why, alas ! ye Muses, were ye kind ?
 With all your graces to enrich his mind ?
 To grant him knowledge so sublime and rare,
 So vast, that numbers only wish'd to share,
 Why all those honours might his youthful bloom
 If death must blight them in an early tomb ?
 Say for what end he caught the magic art
 By music's charms to captivate the heart ?

Al

E L E G Y.

THE morning comes, soft dawning o'er the
lea,

But brings no sweet relays of peace to me!

Awaking thoughts their mournful cast assume,

And even daylight sheds a deeper gloom.

Prevailing sorrow, with increasing pain,

Bids me to wilds and silent woods complain;

Bids me with haste each secret shade explore,

To tell the Nine, their fav'rite is no more!

Already, death has torn him to the grave;

Nor truth, nor science, nor could virtue save.

Ah why, alas! ye Muses, were ye kind?

With all your graces to enrich his mind?

To grant him knowledge so sublime and rare,

So vast, that numbers only wish'd to share;

Why all those honours midst his youthful bloom,

If death must blast them in an early tomb?

Say for what end he caught the magic art,

By music's charms to captivate the heart?

Ah

ELEGY ON CLOVER.

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Ah, why did Painting ev'ry branch unfold,
To teach him skill that charm'd the world of old?
Why did Philosophy unlock the store,
To let him trace all nature's wonders o'er?
Astronomy, why teach his thought to stray
Thro' worlds unnumber'd mid the starry way?
Deep Learning too, why thus deceive his age,
To lead him easy thro' the classic page;
And thou, sweet Poesy! thy aid bestow,
Yielding those raptures which so few can know!
These gifts in vain! the youth untimely lost!
Scarce eighteen summers all his life cou'd boast,

Come, pensive muse, indulge my heartfelt woe;
A loss like this demands the tear to flow!
Nor reason, nor religion can controul,
Friendship prevails, and draws the feeling soul,

I rove lamenting thro' the pathless wood,
Nor heed the sweets of rural-solitude.
The voice of melancholy seems to reign
Thro' the recess, and o'er the distant plain,
The waters murmur in the race below,
Deepen the sad vicissitude of woe,
Ah why this grief? in vain we all deplore;
We mourn, but Damon must excel no more.

O had

O had he liv'd beyond this rising year,
 And health remain'd, I might have seen him here.
 Then by the *Spaw* which now prolongs my stay,
 With what delight we would have pass'd the day!
 Yon landscapes, opening thro' the flow'ry lawn,
 His faithful pencil should have lively drawn;
 And all those hues that deck each fruitful side,
 Where the smooth river rolls its easy tide.
 The shelving cliffs that shadow o'er the streams,
 The dewdrops sparkling to the dancing beams;
 The gay Pastora, here so sweetly seen,
 In all the beauties of her vary'd green;
 The shrubs below, the spreading oaks on high,
 Nought would have pass'd his just-observing eye.
 But vainly, fancy, dost thou strive to please,
 Delight is vanish'd from such scenes as these!
 Thy aid can ne'er the mighty loss restore,
 I *knew*! I *lov'd*! and friendship must deplore.

How cruel, death, to snatch him hence so soon!
 Could'st thou not stay till life's maturer noon?
 Till reason, bright'ning in his touring mind,
 Had finish'd what great nature first design'd?
 Even at the place where genius ne'er could climb,
 I mark'd him rising to the true-sublime!

Where

Where the *dull adder* unharmonious rove,
I heard his music rival all the grove!
Tho' none to patronize his youthful lays,
He nobly panted for immortal praise.
O had he liv'd his strength of mind to prove,
He'd been an age's wonder, and its love!

Oh death! why sped thy fatal arrow there?
To kindred, anguish! and to friends, despair!
What crowds remain who most perversely stray,
Whose youth, nor science, nor fair virtue sway!
Ignobly careless of their choicest prime,
Who boast unthinking in their mispent time,
To folly-soothing wilfully confin'd,
They scorn each bright improvement of the mind.
Could none of these thy hasty rage suffice,
And spare our times the *useful* and the *wife*?
For Damon's loss each *patriot-breast* shall feel,
Such worth and talents raise the public-weal!
His sudden fate some unknown sage shall mourn,
Some future bard lament him o'er his urn!

Happy the few, who dare like him excel,
Whose passion leads them to *performing* well,
Eager to gain, by one unerring plan,
Some high endowment to complete the man,

To

To turn each talent heaven has bestow'd,
 To brightest purpose for their country's good;
 Like him, thro' all the generous temper bear,
 And well deserve the liberty they share;
 Yet, happier still, if, like the prudent youth,
 They rise maturely in the ways of truth.

O he was rich in worth! of soul sincere!
 All that the Wicked scorn, or Good revered
 Who knew him best, by them the most approv'd;
 How truly valu'd! and how justly lov'd!
 In years tho' young, yet ere the mortal close,
 The peerless youth to noblest manhood rose.

Go, lucent *Wear*, with smoothly-flowing stream,
 And bear along the sadly-pleasing theme;
 Go wind each cliff, go search each mazy cell,
 Each lonely grot, where tears and silence dwell;
 Let echo there each dying sigh restore,
 And sound his virtues down thy peaceful shore.
 If ancient Naiades near thy borders stray,
 Or Sylphs, or Sylphids, o'er thy waters play;
 If fabled Pan thy silvan shades delight,
 Or Fawns survey thee from yon woodland height,
 In suiting strains let these his worth declare,
 The fit elogium bid them all prepare,

Alas,

ELEGY ON CLOVER.

263

Alas, my thought, why dost thou wildly rove?
None, none can praise him, but who feel and love!
Why seeks my heart for empty fiction's aid?

'Tis truth alone must draw the virtuous dead!

O could my sorrow touch the learn'd and Good,
Such, such alone, should join my solitude!
The youth's vast merit equally proclaim,
And raise the honours of his future fame!
No powers of envy can such friends controul,
Firm in their bright similitude of soul!

Hail, truth divine! immortal virtue! hail,
And thou, fair science, that canst still prevail!
O save his mem'ry, for the youth was yours!
To you devoted all his mental powers!
By you he aim'd in ev'ry grace to rise,
Useful to be, and ere his season wise!
Urg'd by the light of your impulsive sway,
Thro' life pursuing as ye shew'd the way!
From cold oblivion bid the muses save;
Be not his name *forgotten* in the grave!
Be all his virtues, in their just sublime,
Warmly remember'd thro' succeeding time,

That

That Brittish youths from thence may early find
Nor worth nor wisdom are to age confin'd!

No mortal grief the dear-departed needs!

No Friend's condolence! no Relation's weeds!
My eyes, tho' gushing with the falling tear,
Weep but in vain, nor grace his humble bier;
To him no tribute, tho' my sighs fast flow,
My heart tho' swelling with a weight of woe;
He mounts! he soars! beyond our earthly place,
Ripe for the glories in celestial space.

And yet, blest shade! such friendship once I bore,
So priz'd that heart which now can beat no more;
So much I promis'd from a worth like thine,
My thought so flatter'd with her lov'd design,
That now the painful disappointment known,
Long must my soul her jewel lost bemoan;
The transient image in reflection see,
And whilst on earth, *serene* remember thee.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



